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The Australian Women's Weekly — July 19, 1947

A LOVE LIKE THAT

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Brilliant romantic serial

By DAVID GARTH

JONATHAN BLAIR, carefree young director of the Blair Steamship Line, little knows that a "plucky cowgirl," whose riding he admires at a small country rodeo, is in reality VALENTINE RANSOME, heiress.

In a mad escapade with her, he gallops after the train he has missed, leaps aboard it from his pony's back—and reaches New York to find bad trouble confronting him. His steamship line is facing bankruptcy, and he is due to find immediate payment of a loan he had underwritten for actress CAROL WALLACE.

Valentine, meanwhile, intrigued by the crazy young stranger, decides on a sudden visit to New York.

Now read col. 1.

VALENTINE RANSOME arrived in town under a red and unsung, and immediately made an appointment with Roger Chauncey, president of the Manhattan Trust Company, eastern bankers for Ransome Oil. She came into his office with a vigorous elastic step.

Mr. Chauncey bowed her to a chair. "This is a pleasant surprise, Miss Ransome. Have you been here in town long?"

"Two hours," said Valentine. "Tell me, Mr. Chauncey, how can I locate somebody in New York?"

"There are several ways," he said. "Perhaps I can help you. Would you like to tell me the name?"

"The name," confided Valentine, "is Jonathan Blair. There's a Corinthian in it too."

Mr. Chauncey placed his fingertips together and cogitated.

"Jonathan Blair?" he repeated. "The name sounds somewhat familiar, although I can't definitely place it right now. But allow me a day, and we'll find him for you."

Mr. Chauncey's minions did their job thoroughly. When Valentine

arrived, at his invitation, the next day he took up a sheet of paper, and informed her fully on Jonathan Blair.

"He's twenty-nine, graduated from St. Paul's and Princeton, enlisted at the outbreak of the war and served with great distinction, apparently, with the Marines. He became chairman of the Blair Lines when he was twenty-six."

"Smart," approved Valentine, nodding.

"His father died and left him the controlling interest," explained Mr. Chauncey. "The Blair Lines are a long-established concern. He takes no active part in the business, which may or may not account for the fact that the Blair Lines are nearly bankrupt."

"Bankrupt?" said Valentine.

"There are a great many young men," Mr. Chauncey digressed to inform her, "who inherit directorships from their fathers and never do a day's work in their lives thenceforth."

"And such," asked Valentine, dark brows knit, "is Mr. Jonathan Blair?"

"Evidently," Mr. Chauncey returned to the paper. "He is third in the Metropolitan Squash Rackets ranking, which—hmm—seems to be his major accomplishment since birth. He is a member of the Racket, University, Princeton, New York Yacht, and Saybrook Polo clubs. A while ago he provided backing for a young woman named Carol Wallace who appeared in a play on Broadway."

Valentine's lips parted.

"He—he backed an actress?"

"The play," Mr. Chauncey announced with finality, "was a complete failure."

To the practical granddaughter of old Marshal Ransome, Jonathan Blair did not appear to be any howling success himself. Mr. Chauncey was completing the reading of the minutes with a statement of his residences—"East Fifty-seventh Street; Sharon, Connecticut; Say-

brook Polo Club." He stopped and laid the paper down.

"Should you wish more detailed investigation," he said, "I will place it in correct hands."

"Oh no," she said quickly. "I don't want you to get the idea I'm doing any gumshoe work. He's just somebody—I thought it would be fun to know. No, that is sufficient, and thank you."

Mr. Chauncey nodded and sat back in his great carved chair.

"I don't know what your plans are, Miss Ransome, but I understand Mr. Blair spends most of his week-ends at the Saybrook Club on Long Island. That is near my home," He paused. "Mrs. Chauncey and I would be very happy to have you spend the week-end with us," he stated. "And if you care to go to the Saybrook Club I will gladly drive you over."

That seemed like a good idea. She didn't care for the possibility of rattling around in town by herself, anyhow. So the next day she drove out to Long Island with her banker host and on the way called in at the Saybrook Club.

Saybrook was the home of high-ranking polo. Mr. Chauncey escorted her out to a flagged terrace where a great many people were seated around little tables having tea and cocktails. They sat down, and Valentine looked about her with interest. The stamping grounds of Jonathan Blair! She wondered if he would recognise her.

A beautiful tawny Great Dane

lying under a nearby unoccupied table suddenly raised his head and his tail began to thump. He got to his feet and nearly knocked over the table. Jonathan Blair had hove into view.

He'd evidently just come from the field of battle, for gleaming polo boots showed under his sports coat. There was a girl with him, a very pretty girl with ash-blond hair. They stopped at the table where the Great Dane was threatening to demolish everything in sight with an ecstatic tail. Jonathan rubbed the dog's ears and slapped its broad tawny side.

"One way to reserve a table, Carol," Valentine heard him say.

The girl went towards the clubhouse. Impulsively Valentine excused herself and followed. She deliberately walked right past Jonathan and he didn't even glance up. He wasn't expecting to see that slim cowgirl who had to ride in a rodeo for a little extra money.

Carol sat down at a dressing-table in the retiring room and opened her vanity case. Valentine sat down at the next dressing-table and did the same.

There were several other girls in the room, smoking and chatting.

"Hello, Carol," one of them greeted. "Who did you come with? Corry Blair?"

"Who else?" said Carol, powdering her nose. "Do I get a knife in the back, Virginia?"

"Not at all," laughed Virginia. "He's your territory, I guess. Is he going to back you in another fling at the bright lights?"

"He was just thrown for a twenty-thousand-dollar loss," Carol said. "Isn't that enough punishment for a while?"

"I was sorry to hear about that. You had a tough break."

Carol snapped her vanity shut.

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"Look here," Jonathan said tersely. "You're not seriously thinking of trying to run this line?"

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DOINGS

Round Town

**Murder
Mystery**

**By . . .
J. J. WHITE**



Of course, when Bunky told me, I thought he was being whimsical again. The last time he was whimsical I had to warn him rather sharply, but although I couldn't quite see how, I was suspicious enough to think that this might be a somewhat more subtle approach.

Bunky is the editor, with ideas that aren't always incorporated in to-morrow's leader. He gets out of trouble by saying that he's being "whimsical," but that cuts no ice with me. Although I'm only a poor little girl trying her best to be an efficient reporter, I've got my heart and soul tied up in my work.

So when he called me in and detailed me to cover this murder, I thought . . . well, whatever I thought it turned out I had misjudged the poor man. This time, anyway. There wasn't a soul in except me, apparently, and so I had to forget the work in hand and dash out to see this corpse, which is not the type of work I'm built for.

I mean, what's the use of having hair like mine, and everything to match, if you're going to look at someone who's past caring whether your eyelashes are long or purple?

The detective in charge was a nice young man, with reddish hair, named Challen; he had a worried frown, but still contrived to look attractive in a most unpolicemanlike way, and although he didn't have time to tell me about the murder, having just arrived himself, he introduced me to a Sergeant Billson.

Sergeant Billson didn't approve of me at first, but he soon loosened up and waxed voluble.

"It happened in here," He gestured at the lounge-room of the flat with one huge hand. "And all of them there were here."

Confusing, but I tried to look intelligent.

"Who are 'them there'?"

"Them there."

"Oh!" I looked at the group sitting at the other end of the room, where the handsome Mr. Challen was firing questions at them.

"The name of the deceased was Ted Wilson." The sergeant jerked a contemptuous thumb towards a sheet, which was draped over what I presumed was the body. Clearly his interest was in the living. I looked at them more closely.

There was a young man wearing a bow tie and a sullen expression, both of which suited him; next to him sat a woman.

"That is Harry Rose. The girl next to him is Mrs. Wilson, wife of the deceased."

In my eyes the woman had left girlhood way back in the dear dead days beyond. But I let him go.

"Then there are Mr. and Mrs.

**"There it is,"
the girl ex-
claimed, excit-
edly pointing
downwards.**

Fairhall, Miss Simmons, who owns the flat, and Theo Valtin."

Mr. and Mrs. Fairhall were an oldish couple, who looked terribly scared, still, for which I couldn't blame them. Miss Simmons was an angular female well past the dangerous age, and Theo Valtin looked fairly sinister. Without knowing why, I picked him as the murderer right away. I listened to the fas-

cinating Mr. Challen doing his Inquisition act.

"So you were all dancing to the radio, and suddenly the lights went out?"

The Wilson woman smiled up at him, looking pretty happy. I thought, for a woman who had just lost her husband. Mr. Challen, love him, ignored the smile, and seemed, if possible, even sterner.

"There was a shot, and when the light came on again Ted was lying

Old Mrs. Fairhall sobbed, and her husband went on: "Ted wasn't dancing. He was standing near the radio when he was shot."

"Wait a minute. You said 'when the light went on again.' That means, I presume, that someone switched it on. It was switched off, too, wasn't it?" He put his hands on his hips, balancing like a boxer. "Who switched the light on again?"

Theo Valtin said, "I did. There were about four of us near the door, where the switch is, and we all tried to get it on again. I just happened to do it first."

"Who was therabouts when it was switched off?"

They all began to talk at once, and he had to ask them to shut up.

"Mr. Valtin?"

Theo Valtin said: "As far as I remember, there were three of us. I had been dancing with Mrs. Wilson, and Harry with Miss Simmons."

"That right, Miss Simmons?"

"That's right, Mr. Challen. We were . . ."

Then the Wilson woman broke in: "I remember now, Mr. Challen. I was dancing with Theo, and the four of us were half-dancing round, and I was telling them about a new step. Then I moved away from Theo, into the middle of the floor to show them. That means that there were actually three people near the light switch."

What it really meant was that she was clearing herself of any responsibility about the light from the word "go."

She was sitting there pensively, and I saw a strange thing beginning to happen to her. Her eyes grew wider, and wider, and then she gave a little scream, and clapped her hand to her mouth, trying to look like a horrified little girl. She missed by thirty-odd years, but the general effect was wonderful.

squawked, "Really, Polly!" in a shocked voice.

Valtin was talking now. "You just can't say things like that, Polly. There was young Harry, too, my dear."

I thought old Mrs. Fairhall would faint. Her eyes opened another ten degrees, and this time when she said "Really, Polly," her voice was up round high C.

If I thought this True Confession stuff was going to throw the Wilson woman out of gear I was wrong. She revelled in it.

She was smart enough to know what pays dividends in good old-time feminine charm, and sure enough, when I sneaked a glance at Mr. Challen, he was looking at her with new eyes. I would say they were gleaming faintly, with a familiar look. Sometimes I hate women.

But he recovered with creditable speed. "Yes, yes. We'll sort all that out later. At the moment all I want is the sequence of events. What happened when you saw the deceased lying there, Mr. Fairhall?"

"We ascertained that he was dead, and then Theo and P—" He was about to say "Polly," but old Mrs. F. glared at him, and he changed his mind quickly. "Theo and Mrs. Wilson left to phone the police. There isn't a phone here, but there's a public telephone around the end of the corridor."

Please turn to page 21

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FROM LEADING SALONS IN SUITS AND FROCKS

The Little Dog Laughed

By . . .
WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

FIRST the dog intruded, then the girl. The dog wasn't much to look at; in fact, wasn't anything to look at; but the girl had been very favorably designed by nature. Yet, perversely, Tony Greer paid more affable attention to the dog than to the girl that bright, sunny morning.

Tony was owner-captain of the forty-foot auxiliary schooner Tar II. It is somewhat important to observe that he was stuck squarely in the middle of a phase.

Manifesting this, he found it interesting to be cynical. He cultivated a light, mocking laugh. He had been heard to say, frequently, acidly, "The whole world is strewn with snares, traps, guns, and pitfalls for the capture of men by women." He accompanied the remark by a derisive shaking of his blond head.

When the dog came along, the small brown dog with the brown eyes and brown nose, Cap'n Tony Greer did not recognize it for what it was. He thought it was only a dog, and not much of a dog. A mongrel. A monochromatic hound with an excess of top-hamper around the ears and tail, and too little draught for her beam.

That was all Tony Greer saw the morning this creature sniffed her way solemnly down the Cotte-Plage Jetty, and, after a moment's casual survey, hopped nimbly aboard Tar II.

Tony, for all his talk, did not know a snare when he bumped into one.

He was squatting in the cockpit waxing a length of thread; he looked up and found himself face to face with the hound. The hound studied him languidly for the space of several breaths, and then grinned—or appeared to. The grin was broad, warm, cordial, yet at the same time courteous. It was also comical. It got to Tony, who liked dogs without being silly about them.

"Come here," he said, and the dog jumped down from deck to cockpit. The long tail wagged; the grin persisted, civil and enormously good-humored. The grin was. Tony observed, the result of some mishap; several front teeth had been knocked out—or kicked out—and a gash in the hound's upper lip had healed crookedly. The effect was altogether roguesque.

"Hi, old girl," Tony said. He put out a hand and patted the small dog's head. She proceeded to sniff the air with thoroughness and interest. Then she stepped to the portside gunwale and surveyed the blue water of the inner harbor, sniffing the while. After that, she grinned pleasantly at Tony, and ambled forward along the deck.

"So long, pooch," said Anthony Greer; and he waved a hand and returned to the mending of his flying jib.

Half an hour later the girl arrived.

It was hot that morning on the Jetty. Only a little wind ruffled the waters of the bay. Far westward, high shining clouds were piled like an aerial barrier of snow. This was the island of Haiti, lifting out of the green West Indian sea. The day was, as has been said, brilliant—and there were tourists in the city.

The girl was a tourist. Only a tourist would have worn the blue slacks, the bare midriff, the parti-colored sandals. Of course, the effect was good, even splendid. The girl was slender. Her hair was warmly brown, and her eyes were large. She walked out on the Jetty and stopped beside Tony Greer's schooner.

She coughed lightly. "Monsieur," she said. "Je vous demande pardon."

Tony Greer was surveying the girl, but he gave none of the customary

indications of a rise in blood pressure. "You can speak English," he said. "I understand it. The answer is no."

"Oh," the girl said. "Would you mind repeating your last remark?"

"I said the answer is no."

"That's what I thought you said. The answer to what is no?"

"The answer is no, I won't take you fishing."

The girl nodded slowly. Her hair glistened in the sun. It was forced upon Tony Greer's attention that her eyelashes were improbably long but unquestionably genuine. She said, "Do I want to go fishing?"

"Don't you?" Tony Greer said.

"The answer," the girl said, "is no." She used her lovely lips in a smile, but not warmly. "I have never in my life gone fishing, and I have no reason to think I ever will. However, my curiosity is piqued. May I ask why you assumed I'd want to fish, and, especially, why I'd want to fish with you?"

Tony stood up. He was tall, and naked to the waist, and burned by the sun to the color of old copper.

"This," he said, waving his hand to indicate the length of Tar II, "is a professional fishing vessel—a charter boat. I take tourists fishing. But only male tourists. Never women. They fall overboard. They get seasick. They hook themselves. Do I make myself clear?"

"Clearer than you think," the girl said, and smiled again, still not warmly.

"So," Tony continued, "when you interrupted me in my work I jumped to the conclusion that you, like so many people, wanted to go fishing. It can be construed that I owe you an apology for my hastiness. What is it you want to talk to me about?"

"A dog," the girl said. "I had a plain, uncomplicated question to ask you when I paused beside your boat—which, incidentally, could use a little paint. This question: Have you seen my dog?"

"I'll ignore the crack about the paint," Tony Greer said. He looked at the girl cautiously. "Describe the dog."

"Small. Brown. A mongrel. I bought her yesterday from a peasant up on the hill, because she has a funny little face, like a mongoose. This morning I took her walking—she wandered off, maybe ran away. A man up on the road told me he'd seen a small brown dog heading out on this pier." The girl paused.

"True or false?"

"Quite possibly true. Some front teeth missing?"

"Exactly," the girl said. "Where'd she go?"

Tony sat down. "I don't know," he said. "I didn't notice." He picked up his sail and needle. "I have work to do. Nice to have seen you."

The girl made a faint, inarticulate noise and went away, walking fast.

The engine ran almost smoothly. Tony headed Tar II through the dark amber patches of elk-horn coral on the shore reef, and, outside, laid a course for the Pelicans. The sea breeze was good, and building up.

After twenty minutes Tony turned the wheel over to Tibou, his Haitian man-of-all-work, and busied himself hoisting the mainsail, then the working and flying jibs, then the foresail. Tar II careened to the new power.

Tony smiled in satisfaction, killed the engine, and took the wheel again. His paying customers were seated on the low roof of the cabin, forward—three middle-aged men, New Yorkers, excited by their outing. They



• She made him believe that miracles do happen.

were, Tony supposed, taking their first real vacation for a long time. He hoped they'd get a few fish, maybe a barracuda or two, and a couple of lively kings. Not much chance for a tarpon or sailfin, of course.

Meditatively, Tony shook his head. The inadequacy of his ship distressed him deeply in that moment. Working on a shoestring was no fun. He thought of Ed Beale's fast and beautifully fitted launch Helen, and the sweet Antilles of Marcel Derue. A swift surge of envy flowed over him.

Beale and Derue were out this afternoon with the plush fishermen, the ones who could pay twenty-five dollars without thinking. Tony got only the cheap scrapings from the lesser hotels.

OF course, a beginning had to be made somewhere. At least this was a good business, soothing for the nerves, unconfining. And Tar II had been a bargain, irresistible, and within the boundaries of Tony's purse.

When the Army had discharged him with a limp guaranteed to hang on for a while, Tony went to Miami. Two things happened to him there, one negative, one positive. He found no job that excited him. And he ran into a girl who played a piano in a beach night-club.

The girl was magnificent to look upon. She took all his breath away, but what she gave Tony—an aloof and chilly shoulder—curdled his laughter and infused him with the conviction that women had no place in society. He flew to Haiti, thinking to repose on a tropical beach and lick his wounds.

"I have work to do. Nice to have seen you," Tony said, picking up the sail.

Instead, he found Tar II gathering bottom weed at the Cotte-Plage Jetty. She had nice lines, and he observed that with the war over, a relaxing of travel restrictions was permitting a trickle of tourists which would undoubtedly grow larger as things settled down. He scrapped the cowardly thought of retirement under the lonely palms, bought Tar II, and announced in the hotels that he was open for business as guide and conveyor to the fishing grounds.

It wasn't all roses and quick profit. He ran head on into big competition. Ed Beale, an American, and Marcel Derue, Haitian, who'd been in the charter-boat trade before the war, leapt to cash in on the return of the vacationists. Ed Beale brought his Helen over from Miami; Derue took his Antilles out of dry storage. These were too fast and fancy to give Tony Greer's auxiliary schooner a look-in.

Still more, Beale and Derue knew the waters of the Gulf of Gonave with an intimacy that Tony would be a year or two acquiring. They had, out of long experience, learned where the fish might be found under any condition of weather. It wasn't to be denied that a serious fisherman got more for his money with Beale and Derue.

Tony grunted morosely and directed Tibou to flatten the jibs and take in a bit on the foresail. The outer edge of the long chain of Pelican reefs lay a couple of miles ahead, to the north-west, which called for sailing as close to the wind as Tar II could accomplish.

The customers were enjoying the

experience of going under sail. One of them—a portly, but fairly agile fellow named Burton, connected with the business department of a New York newspaper—came aft and sat on the cockpit coaming.

"Seems to handle nicely," he said cheerily to Tony.

"She's all right," Tony said, letting the accent of pride creep in. "Would you like a beer? There's some in the ice-chest."

Burton said thanks, he could use a beer; Tony called Tibou to get a couple of cold ones from the cabin. In half a minute Tibou was back on deck, showing the whites of his eyes. He said, "We got a dog in the cabin."

"Dog?" Tony said. "Dog! Oh—that's where she went!" He paused. "A brown dog, skinny?"

"Yes, sir," Tibou said. "He was shut in rope locker, in forepeak. I am looking for ice mallet—"

"Yeah," Tony interrupted crisply. "It's a she, if it's the one I'm thinking about. Bring her on deck."

To himself, irritably, he remarked that this was a nuisance. It occurred to him suddenly that he'd be under a kind of obligation to look up the girl with the long legs, the girl in the blue pants, and return her hound to her. Or—on the other hand—he could simply heave the beast back on the Jetty when he tied up.

Had the girl said her name, what hotel she was staying at? No, she had not.

Please turn to page 24

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Cheese Toast with Bacon



4 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese; 4 slices buttered toast; 4 slices grilled bacon; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; tomato slices; gherkin fans or pickled onions; salt, pepper.

Shred cheese into double saucepan with one tablespoon milk. Heat and stir till blended smooth, season to taste and add remaining milk slowly, stirring until blended to smooth cheese sauce. Cut buttered toast into triangles, two for each serving. Pour on hot cheese sauce, add bacon in rolls and garnish with tomato slices, gherkins cut into fanwise strips or small pickled onions. Serves four.

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Three Little Australians

. . . born

under the Sign of
CANCER



According to astrological authorities, the time between June 21st and July 20th, comes under the influence of Cancer, the Crab. Youngsters who are born at this time of the year are likely to be painstaking, industrious and successful in all they undertake. "Cancer" people are very often dreamers with the desire and ability to organise large schemes for the welfare of others. The mothers of these three bonny youngsters are giving them the best possible start, with healthful Vegemite in their diet every day.



VIRGINIA CRAIG

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Craig of Palmers Street, Dover Heights, N.S.W., Virginia is five years old on July 14th. "I started Virginia on Vegemite at 14 months," Mrs. Craig says, "and it has done her the world of good. A Child Health Specialist told me that the vitamins in Vegemite are essential for growing children."



BARBARA KEE

Two years old on June 28th, big-eyed Barbara is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Kee of Cloverdale Road, Glen Iris, Victoria. Mrs. Kee says: "The local Infant Welfare Centre recommended Vegemite for Barbara and she loved it right from the start."



JOHN ROBERT CORLESS

The son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Corless of Devon Street, Yeronga, Brisbane, Qld., John's third birthday is June 27th and Mrs. Corless says: "John is a very bright child. I see he gets plenty of exercise and nourishing food such as Vegemite. That's why he is so full of energy."

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every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
and Thursday morning in all States.





Warning Bell

By HAMLEN HUNT

"Oh, Tom, I never dreamed I'd meet a man like you," Hilda said.

HE supposed afterwards that she must have heard the telephone, because she half woke, half listened, and then, as there was nothing, turned over and dropped back to sleep. It was late afternoon and Hilda, because of a cold, had been in bed all day. In the background, she could hear Evelyn moving quietly.

"I came home a little early, just to look after you," Evelyn had said. "Go back to sleep while I get the

dinner. We'll have it by the fire. If you're well wrapped up, it won't hurt you to be out of bed before you get back for the night."

Hilda knew Evelyn liked verbal appreciation. She murmured, "You're wonderful, the way you spoil me."

Evelyn, who had changed into a serviceable dark blue housecoat, said, "You've always needed someone to look after you." She looked down at slender, blonde Hilda, whom a pink nose and pigtailed had reduced

to about age twelve in looks, and laughed. "You bring out the mother in me," she said.

Hilda laughed a little, too, because it was a household joke, but she thought suddenly: I wish she hadn't said that! Sometimes mothers are possessive! Sometimes they don't like their daughters to marry. I wonder if she guesses.

"Go to sleep," said Evelyn. "I'll call you when things are ready."

"I'm expecting a phone call," Hilda said. "Call me for that, too."

"Of course," said Evelyn, and half closed the door.

I hope she won't be hurt, Hilda thought, before she slept. I wish she liked Tom better—she will when she's had time to know him. I wish—

She didn't know what she wished, exactly. It was just strange to dread telling good news. What better news could there be than that she was in love, and was going to be married? Except, of course, that it meant the end of this pleasant establishment, which she and Evelyn had shared for five years.

Five years is a long time, Hilda thought.

It was then she thought the phone was ringing, but she listened and listened and knew, finally, she must have been mistaken.

She had moved in with Evelyn because of Stan. At the time, she and Evelyn were only office friends. Evelyn was older, had a better job; Hilda was just starting. She had thought she could manage her feelings, but she sat at her desk and sobbed.

"I knew about Stan all the time," she told herself. "I can't pretend I was fooled. I broke my own heart—I won't even give him credit for doing that. It's all my own fault!"

Bold, cold words, but she wept just the same, and there was small ease in knowing the man she loved wasn't worth her tears.

Evelyn came in, and had been just right. She didn't pretend not to know what Hilda was crying about, for one of the nastier aspects of the Stan affair was that so many knew of it.

"You need your lunch," she said, when Hilda protested she could not move or eat. "Go and wash your face, and I'll take you to a dim little place I know—ideal for broken hearts and swollen eyes. To-night we'll go to the pictures or something. One thing you're not going to do is go home and cry all over again. You can spend the night with me. It's a good time for you to try out the flat. You know, I've wanted you to share it with me."

The arrangements they made to share the flat were perfectly ordinary and sensible. But there was something about the new set-up that bothered Hilda's contemporaries.

"Just doesn't seem right," Hilda overheard one of them say. "Miss Andrews is so much older. It's almost as if she were adopting a child."

"Yes," said someone else. "She likes to run things. That's why she

likes someone young and gentle, like Hilda. She'd never take on a room-mate her own age, who'd want to help decide things once in a while."

"It's worrying me," said Sally, Hilda's particular friend. "I wish Hilda wouldn't do it."

From the beginning Hilda realised that she had more than half the advantage of sharing. Evelyn earned more and already had most of the things they needed.

"What does Evelyn get out of it?" Sally asked, the first time she came to call when Hilda was alone. She was not alone as often as she had anticipated. "Don't tell me she doesn't get anything."

Hilda was a little embarrassed. "She gets intangibles," she said. "She likes to look after someone. I think I'm rather like a younger sister for her, or even a daughter, though there's only twelve years' difference in age. She used to be lonely."

Before she left, Sally asked, "Does Evelyn have men around?"

"I haven't seen any, but we've only been together for a few weeks," said Hilda.

"I wonder how Evelyn will react if you do," Sally said. "You watch out, and don't get too smothered and mothered—or you'll be turning down invitations because Evelyn's got dinner all ready, and making excuses to people she doesn't happen to approve of. I've seen it happen."

When Sally had gone, Hilda wandered around the flat a little disconsolately. We're going to be socially independent, of course, she thought. We made that agreement. Evelyn has her friends, naturally, and many of them are older and settled. I have my friends. There's nothing to worry about, and it's a lot to my advantage, as Evelyn says.

It had been, too. She had gained confidence, and had been able to take chances when they might bring gains. Evelyn was always willing to advise and discuss, with tireless interest. Now, five years later, Hilda had a very good job.

Please turn to page 28-

Children and Adults

prefer

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COUGH REMEDY

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IS NICE TO TAKE
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You can stop the family from getting coughs, colds, and the usual crop of winter ills, and you can stop paying pounds and pounds for bottle after

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Simply add to one 2/- bottle of concentrated HEENZO enough sweetened water to make ONE PINT. That's equal to up to 8 bottles—usually costing about 20/-—of ready-made chest, nose and throat remedies.

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Actual statement by

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L.T. 256.1

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Free instructions for "Spotlight" jumper will gladly be sent in bust sizes 32-36. Simply cut out this panel (round dotted lines) and pin it to a stamped, addressed envelope. Post to Knitting Offer, Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd., Box 4100, G.P.O. Sydney. W.W.

MONTY - HE LIVES UP TO THE LEGEND



EX-SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN have thronged to see Monty ever since he arrived in Australia. This crowd which surrounded him at Canberra is typical.

His striking informalities are an adornment to his dignity

By DOROTHY DRAIN

If Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery had not become a great soldier he might have been a great statesman or a great actor, because his command of an audience, large or small, is complete.

Following Monty around at Canberra when he arrived in Australia, I was curious to see what it is that has made him the legend in his lifetime (for there have been many great generals but few have caught the public imagination as he has).

HE has a superb sense of drama in everything he does and says—the understated drama that is peculiarly British.

I gave up trying to analyse it after watching him for a couple of days, and became merely a Monty fan, but I think that sense of the dramatic is part of it.

One example during his tour of Canberra was when he visited the Australian War Memorial.

For a time he walked round examining the models of battles, the paintings, and war relics with interest, attention, and a few questions.

Then when shown the German flag captured by an Australian corporal, he looked at it for a while and remarked casually: "I got Rommel's horse, you know. Captured it in Germany."

"A lovely white Arab, really a lovely little horse."

"Where is it now?" asked someone.

"I gave it to the King," said Monty simply.

Then, after another pause, he said, pointing to the flag: "Is it all right to write my name on it?"

Plays cribbage

ON long plane trips Monty works most of the time, but takes spells playing cribbage with his Military Assistant, Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Cole, Royal Artillery, who accompanied him from England.

Colonel Cole, who has been with Monty for 12 months, said: "I taught him to play, but now the pupil is better than the master."

He added, with a smile, "We play for fun."

When you first see Monty you see a slight man, sharp-featured and tired-looking round the eyes. When that beret is removed he looks nearly the sixty years he is, with his sparse grey hair receding from the temples.

His voice is extraordinarily light and he speaks with a slight lisp with his R's, which you notice when he says things such as "It was terrific." Yet the effect when listening to his light voice is that others sound unnecessarily loud and harsh.

He is an excellent public speaker and uses his pauses with perfect timing.

Addressing ex-servicemen at Canberra he was speaking of Britain at the outbreak of the war: "We were totally unprepared," he said, and repeated: "Totally unprepared." (Pause). "There's nothing new about that. We always are," and again, when citing Hitler's mistakes—"when he declared war on Russia he broke what is almost a first rule of war"—pause—"he marched on Moscow."

In ordinary conversation and in small groups he has a trick of suddenly turning his head and fixing one of his listeners with his bright blue eye and raising his eyebrows to emphasise a point.

It is a trick which could be disconcerting in staff conferences, I should think.

Monty's personal traits are as well known as his victories. Two of them are his dislike of smoking and coughing round him.

He neither smokes nor drinks himself and he is probably far too well disciplined ever to cough when anyone is speaking.

Having heard stories of his telling audiences that he would first allow three minutes for coughing, I carried lozenges round in my pocket wherever I followed him.

He is said once to have answered



a man who asked if he might smoke by saying: "Certainly, as long as you smoke somewhere else."

In the plane in which he is travelling from capital to capital no one is allowed to smoke.

But apparently the Minister for the Army, Mr. Chambers, who came in a few minutes later, and sat beside Monty, had never heard this, for he smoked throughout.

Monty, who did not bat an eyelid, apparently reserves his strict rules on this point for his staff.

Still there was no trace of "Monty the Martinet" in his public appearances or at the Press conference, where he began proceedings by suggesting that instead of standing we sit on the floor, though the offer was not taken up.

Leaning back in Mr. Chifley's chair, he remarked: "I like your country. In fact, I think it's completely the cat's whiskers."

He parried awkward questions with humor as well as with practised skill.

When someone asked him a question about the possibility of another war and mentioned "the line-up for the next war," Monty asked:

"What is the line-up for the next war? I should be most interested to know that!"

A Press photographer who is a connoisseur of celebrities says that he thinks Monty "even has the edge on Lord Mountbatten as a subject."

This is high praise, because Viscount Mountbatten was generally regarded as one of the most photogenic and unself-conscious camera subjects ever to visit this country.

Wherever Monty goes he is a target for the cameras, and he is unruffled by flashes, clicks, and whirring, and the general madness that breaks out when twenty photographers are all trying to get the shot of a lifetime.

He knows without appearing to do it consciously exactly what is the right expression and pose for a picture. He will stand obligingly and

THE PRIME MINISTER, Mr. Chifley, and Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery photographed at Parliament House, Canberra, while a news-reel was being made.

"do that again" when another shot is wanted.

Yet with all this informality there is not the slightest suggestion of a lack of dignity.

He wears his informality as an adornment to his dignity, just as his variations in uniform in wartime enhanced rather than detracted from his correct soldierly bearing.

With his battle-dress blazing with its eight rows of ribbons—three rows are foreign decorations—he wears a gold watch-chain between the two pockets of his blouse. It is something no one else but Monty could do, but on him it looks not an eccentricity but an additional trifle that

befits a Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Whenever he is walking about informally looking at things or talking to people, he keeps his hands behind his back, bringing forward his right one now and then to gesture to emphasise a point.

His salute is in keeping with his individuality. He turns it into a wave for crowds.

Whatever Monty does you feel that he is steeped in a soldierly tradition which he knows and loves and to that tradition he has added his own individual touches—and those, like his generalship, are inimitable.

See pictures on page 13

NEW CARRIER FOR BABY . . .

A GREAT BOON TO MOTHERS

THE Australian Women's Weekly is sponsoring a new type of baby-carrier specially planned for infants under six months old. It was designed by an Australian woman and should be the greatest boon to mothers.

The carrier is light—it weighs only four ounces—and it can be worn on either side. It is available in off-white, pastel-blue, grey, and beige.

For full description of the carrier and details of how to obtain it turn to page 40.



MATRON SHAW, of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, supervised tests of the new carrier.

MONTY IS AN OPTIMIST

AS a corrective to the gloom and pessimism of many public utterances to-day Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery strikes a note of optimism.

Refusing to be included in the ranks of those who believe the world is heading for disaster, Monty advises that young people be brought up in an atmosphere of hope and confidence.

On the very day he said this, the cables carried a very different sort of message from Mrs. Margaret Sanger Slee, director of the Birth Control Research Bureau in New York.

Mrs. Sanger Slee said there should be a 10 years' moratorium on births in Europe, including England.

"Adults should not bring children into the world to starve," she said.

Of all solutions for the world's problems, this one is undoubtedly the most defeatist. Apart from moral issues raised for many by the question of birth control, there is an immediate revulsion from the thought that any part of the world should be denied the blessing of children's laughter.

Admittedly the world food position is still critical. But hard work aided by science must improve that soon.

Despite the depressing spectacle of the Foreign Ministers constantly disagreeing, goodwill and co-operation between nations will inevitably overcome problems of finance and distribution.

Women will instinctively reject Mrs. Sanger Slee's pessimism in favor of the optimism of Monty. His words come as a tonic just when one is sorely needed.

We return thanks

SINCE the publication of our birthday issue last month, thousands of readers have written letters of congratulation.

It is impossible for us to answer these individually, so we wish here to convey our thanks.

Such goodwill and good wishes mean a great deal to those who produce this paper.



SPROD LOOKS AT LIFE: The family sets out for a Sunday picnic.

It seems to me...

SKIDDING round the city on a high-speed search for a hat (eight shops in 45 minutes), I found a disquieting sign of a return to what we so fondly call "normal times."

I wanted a hat of a particular color as quickly as possible, and by the time I reached the fifth shop was in no mood to quarrel much about price.

As I glared into the mirror, thinking how easy it must be for Gene Tierney to buy hats, the proprietress misinterpreted my dismal expression.

"We could reduce it a little if madam finds it too expensive," she said—and off went ten shillings.

Madam, though not such a half-wit as to miss that cue, still felt the hat was Gene Tierney's, not hers.

At the eighth shop time was running out, and my frown was so distraught as I jammed on a promising model that the salesgirl immediately reduced it by 12/6.

I bought the hat, but on reflection found the transaction depressing. Might not an expert haggler have got it for less?

Before the war I bought my hats at a place where the drill was to choose a £2/10/- job, say that, unfortunately, you really wanted something about 25/-, and eventually close the deal at 35/11.

That kind of shopping is all right if you've the time to make a career of it.

But I shouldn't be surprised if we got to look back lovingly on the wartime days when there was one price for millinery (ceilings), and the shops didn't care a continental whether you bought or not.

I LAST week I wrote a piece suggesting a notion for using this leisure that comes with shorter hours, but have been thinking it over since. What do they mean—leisure?

Personally, if I had a 30-hour week or a 24-hour week, I'd still find it hard to get the time to go to work.

What every working woman knows is that when you are not at work you are mostly working in order to prepare yourself to go to work.

As for those admirable dames who look after a family and earn their share of the daily bread as well, they're superwomen.

I KNOW a lot of women who combine two careers successfully—a husband and a city job.

Whether they do it primarily for the extra money or for the stimulation of a second career, they agree that you need a salary well above average to show a profit.

Lunches, extra clothes, fares, help in the house account for a good deal of the pay envelope.

Few have time to make miraculous dishes out of scraps, so their housekeeping expenses are high.

But I think the biggest difficulty must be deciding whose turn it is to say: "We had a terrible day in the office to-day."

THOSE giant toads imported some years ago into North Queensland to eat cane-beetles are becoming a possible pest, and are gradually making their way south.

So the N.S.W. Agriculture Department has warned people returning from Queensland not to bring any toads with them.

I've been revisiting my native Queensland annually for years.

I've come back laden with mangoes, tamarinds, Burdekin plums, colous cuttings, and, latterly, soap.

But toads—darned if I ever thought of them.



Dorothy Drain

WHEN I first read about the new drug synhexil, life seemed to hold no further problems.

This drug, discovered in Britain, is said to bring relief from anxiety, give the taker a zest for life, and produce marked self-confidence.

"Whacko!" was my first thought.

If everyone takes it, increasing self-confidence, all the plain girls will think themselves pretty and the dumb ones brilliant. Lovely, lovely.

So you barge into the office full of self-confidence to ask for a rise. But the boss has been taking synhexil, too, and says there are plenty more fish in the sea who'd be glad to work for him at half the money.

Or you tell your boy-friend what a lucky fellow he is to be favored by anyone so attractive, and the synhexil-happy chump says he knows for a cert half-a-dozen girls who'd be flattered to accompany him in the cheap seats at the pictures. Better leave the stuff in the laboratory.

AN American industrial designer, Raymond Loewy, has built himself a house in California with a swimming-pool in the living-room. Each to his taste. It's bad enough clearing up the cigarette butts and biscuit crumbs after a party without fishing bodies out, too.

PEOPLE in New South Wales have been arguing their heads off lately about gambling—that hardy perennial.

Some of the discussion was prompted by the State Government's decision to run bigger lotteries.

A Congregational minister, in the course of a broadcast debate, said: "Gambling is the greatest source of crime and misery for wives and children. It corrupts sport and encourages parasites."

True enough. There are few worse fates than being married to a man who puts the rent or the grocer's money on a horse.

But, like the great easy-going majority, I have my regular share in a lottery ticket, risk a few shillings on a horse at Cup time.

Making gambling illegal wouldn't reform the confirmed gambler any more than prohibition in America prevented drunkenness.

The man (or woman) who can't resist betting, even to the extent of impoverishing himself and others, is basically foolish—and it's his weakness that is the root of the matter, not the temptations that lie in his way.

MRS. JEAN MANN, British Labor member of the House of Commons, said recently, "No architect has ever been capable of modernising a kitchen to suit two women."

Though each be clean, methodical, and neat. Her disposition nothing short of sweet, Yet one will spread the dishcloth on the sink, Another on the taps; and one may think That tea-leaves block the pipes, the other swear That tea-leaves, nothing better, keep pipes clear. And SOMEONE splashes grease upon the wall. Though which, indeed, is never solved at all. Now some have patched these differences in time By patience that's undoubtedly sublime. Yet struck the snag that both to madness drove— Whose husband pinched the matches from the stove!

Interesting People



MISS LINDA PARKER
... pianist to opera singer

LEAVING Australia 17 years ago to study as a pianist in London, Linda Parker became an opera singer instead. Had experience with the B.B.C., at Opera Comique, Paris, at Sadler's Wells, London, and in Germany. Her singing attracted notice from famous conductor Susskind. Linda, who returns here this month, has dark, curly hair, keeps her slim figure by playing favorite sport, tennis.



MR. ARNE OKKENHAUGH
... school broadcasts

CROSS section of Australian life was studied by Arne Okkenhaugh, director of school broadcasts in Norway, during recent visit here as part of world tour to study conditions. Stressing importance of school broadcasting in educational system, he says he hopes to arrange interchange of school broadcasts between Australia and Norway. A graduate of Levanger Teachers' College and Oslo University, he was with Norwegian legation in Sweden during the war.



MRS. NOURMA HANDFORD
... mother and writer

SLIM, blue-eyed Nourma Handford, of Sydney, whose second book, "High River," has just been published, says: "Australians have attractive life on whole, but from our books overseas readers might believe we are all drought-stricken graziers or slum dwellers. We must lure migrants here by showing happier side of life." From Brisbane originally, she is mother of three, loves country race meetings, riding, writing. First book was for children.

Life in Japan is luxurious and uncomfortable

Australian woman's impressions gained during nine months' stay

"Luxurious but not comfortable" is Mrs. K. S. Macmahon Ball's description of her life in Japan during the past nine months.

Slim, curly-haired Mrs. Macmahon Ball, whose husband is British Commonwealth representative on the Allied Council for Japan, returned to Australia last week with her young daughter Jennie.

MRS. MACMAHON BALL is relaxing on her small farm near Eltham, Victoria.

Her chief problems in Japan were a constant heavy social programme, the growing arrogance of Japanese servants, lack of a suitable school for Jennie, and a periodical scarcity of fresh vegetables.

Wives of servicemen and diplomats in Japan could attend parties almost all the time if they wanted to, Mrs. Macmahon Ball said.

"There are parties galore, and had I done my full social duty I'd have been out to lunch, afternoon tea, and dinner every day," she said.

"In Tokio itself it's impossible to keep up with the social life."

Mrs. Macmahon Ball said her husband accepted as few social invitations as possible, because he had found that he could not keep up with the social whirl and attend to his work as well.

The strict "social consciousness" of the European colony bothered her during her early days in Tokio. "Seating arrangements at dinners are taken very seriously, and most legations employ social secretaries to attend to this," she said. "We hadn't a social secretary, and my husband couldn't afford the time, so I gave buffet dinners."

Our Cover . . .

LOVELY Maggy Sarraigne, who was painted by Des Condon for our cover this week, is one of the four Paris mannequins coming to Australia for The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades.

Maggy is tall, slim, and very dark, and wears clothes with great elegance. The red-and-white striped hat she is wearing features the new side draping. Material hats are enormously popular in Paris this season and there will be some exquisite examples of the style in our parades.

When Mrs. Macmahon Ball first arrived in Tokio, she found Japanese servants docile and very frightened.

In the past six months, however, they had changed, and would not stay with an employer who did not give them presents.

"It's against the law, but you must give them presents if you want to keep them," Mrs. Macmahon Ball said.

"If you don't, they go to someone who will, for they realize now that things are fairly lenient."

Both Mrs. Macmahon Ball and Jennie will enjoy the fresh vegetables grown on their farm.

During their stay in Japan they

sometimes had an abundance of vegetables when the BCOF rations arrived, but often they were without them.

Jennie, who is 15, attended an American school when she arrived in Tokio, but her mother was not satisfied with it, and sent her to the Sacred Heart Convent in that city.

As only one of the convent's ten original buildings had escaped bombing the school was hopelessly overcrowded, for in addition to a large number of European children there were 1000 Japanese pupils.

The curriculum differed greatly from that followed in Australian schools, and Jennie thinks she will be a "bit behind the other girls" when she returns to Ivanhoe Grammar School, Victoria.

Jennie travelled to and from the convent each day in a jeep with two American girls whom she describes as "one dip, one Army."

Mrs. Macmahon Ball said a large part of Tokio was in ruins from the Allied bombing raids, and thousands of Japanese lived in primitive humpies and sheds.

Although it was difficult to gauge the Japanese line of thought, they were much bolder than six months ago, and they appeared to be developing a more arrogant outlook.



BACK FROM JAPAN. Mrs. Macmahon Ball and her daughter Jennie, photographed on board the Taiping, in which they returned to Australia.

Paris designer gives sartorial advice to our men

French dress-designer M. Lou Clavery, who has come to Australia to attend to all technical details of The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades, is as interested in men's dress as he is in women's.

He thinks there is the greatest need for Australian men to wear more cool and comfortable suits to business, but is horrified at some of the ideas advanced here for men's dress reform.



M. LOU CLAVERY, Paris designer, who will attend to technical details of The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Parades, works on a dress design.

HIS hands wave deprecatingly at the very thought of shorts, safari jackets, or open-neck shirts.

He would like to see men here wear alpaca, linen, or light gabardine suits in dark blues or greens, grey, brown, tan, or beige.

Thanks to new processing of materials making them uncrushable the haunting question of laundering and pressing need not arise to be a nightmare for already busy housewives.

M. Clavery has an uncrushable blue linen suit which he says only needs cleaning once or twice in the season the same as any other suit.

"Suits such as this want to be cut on the absolutely classical English lounge suit line," said Lou. "Anything else is unthinkable."

"With it one wears a quiet, simple tie, usually of a matching blue with a stripe or spot."

For his frequent trips to the South of France, which he loves, he has white linen suits, and with them he wears brown shoes and shirt.

"And, of course, an open neck for out-of-town wear."

As a variation on the lounge suit idea, the designer suggests grey flannel trousers, with a beige shantung coat of classic cut, pale grey shirt, brown-and-white shoes, and a panama.

"Something I cannot understand about your men is that they do not wear panamas more to business. So few of them do, and nothing is better for the Australian summer."

M. Clavery's strong feeling about the recent outburst of color in men's clothes, particularly ties, left him practically inarticulate. He groaned, pulled a wry face, and managed to splutter "dreadful, awful. Pink and green, ugh!"

Overdressed in the morning and not elegant enough in the evening is M. Clavery's summing up of the Australian business girl's dressing.

"What the Australian office girl wants to understand better for one thing is the great advantage of white. It is always flattering."

"Of course, it is not practical for office and day wear."

"She should wear very well-cut simple navy-blue frocks to work with very little trimming and with dark gloves and bag."

"Before she goes out to keep her evening date she should add huge crisp white collar and cuffs, a small elegant white hat, white gloves, bag."

"Secretaries and typists in Paris would not dream of wearing their business clothes out at night. They all keep a little black frock in their office locker and then when the telephone rings unexpectedly they can change in no time."

"And they always bring it in again next day and leave it for a future date."

"Black is perhaps not so suitable for this climate, but perhaps a charming gay printed silk frock could be kept ready for these occasions."

"Standard of life of office girls here is entirely different from that in Paris."

"All the things that Australian girls take as their normal pleasures, such as horseback riding, playing tennis, and sailing, are completely out of the reach of Parisian working girls."

House decoration fascinates M. Clavery, and he is particularly charmed with the latest trend in Paris, where the decorators have come heavily under the Venetian influence.

Everything is planned to give the elegant light Venetian look, old furniture is used always, and the current color scheme is the palest yellow and an exquisite pale blue.

BABY BANTERS

Second-hand joke

By Constance Bannister



I'm just racking my brain.



Trying to remember Daddy's joke.



Ahh! I remember now!



I'll tell you when I stop laughin'.

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 19, 1947

Page 11

ACCENT YOUR LOVELINESS WITH A BERLEI TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATION FROM YOUR FAVOURITE STORE.

Careless Spending can **SPLIT** your home!

Money troubles can quickly break up homes—experience shows that clearly! The careless spending you light-heartedly indulge in to-day may, in a few years, lead you and your family into unhappiness and strife.

Not only in each family, but *nationally* as well, careless spending can do serious harm, encouraging inflation, fostering black-markets, endangering the future prosperity of you and every other Australian.

How Careless Spending Hurts

Inflation cuts purchasing power . . . your money buys less and less.

Blackmarkets flourish, shortages are maintained, prices soar.

Careless Spending deprives your family of opportunities they deserve, deprives you of comforts and security in the years to come.

Careless Spending makes price control difficult, defeats the purpose of government measures that are designed to safeguard you.

Careless Spending delays the return to full stocks and better values.

How Saving Helps

Save for Pleasure . . . save for leisure in the future. Now's the time to save, and later on is the time to enjoy those savings. Meanwhile, you can have plenty of fun without extravagance.

Plans for the future depend on money . . . save for a home, for travel, for holidays, for old age and retirement.

Your children depend on you for comfort, happiness and the right start in life—the money you save now will benefit them later.

Wives and husbands are happier when substantial savings give them confidence in the future, and the purchasing power to acquire new comforts in the years to come.

Saving defeats inflation, restores value of money, brings better values and increased supplies nearer—faster!

5 WAYS TO SECURE YOUR FUTURE—AND AUSTRALIA'S

1. Buy only what you really need. Spend wisely . . . get full value. Save all you can.
2. Pay no more than the fixed or regular prices. Always surrender coupons.
3. Don't waste money on blackmarket goods.
4. Pay your way. Settle your debts. Buy for cash.
5. Invest your savings, at better than bank interest, in Commonwealth Bonds, Savings Certificates and Stamps. Later on you'll have the money, plus the interest, to spend on better goods in plentiful supply at better values. Hold all the Bonds and Certificates you own.

If you value your home, your happiness, your country, you will start saving—not to-morrow, or next week, or "sometime soon," but now, to-day. Hold all your Bonds and Savings Certificates, buy more of the new 5-Year Savings Certificates regularly, and subscribe in advance to the next Commonwealth Loan.



Save for Security

BUY BONDS AND SAVINGS CERTIFICATES



MONTY IN HOBART, HIS OLD HOME TOWN



SISTERS at the Repatriation Hospital in Hobart meet Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery. At right is Matron T. A. Tyson. Monty had a wildly enthusiastic reception in Hobart, where he had spent part of his boyhood. His father was Bishop of Tasmania from 1889 to 1901.



BOYHOOD ACQUAINTANCES. These six women, who knew Monty when he was a boy in Hobart, waited to meet him. From left: Mrs. W. A. Brain, his governess; Mrs. W. Dodson, who taught him to ride a pony; Miss L. Solly and Mrs. C. E. McKendrick, nurses to the Montgomery children; Mrs. A. Connolly, who was the Montgomerys' cook at Bishops court; and Mrs. M. Boys, who was parlormaid.



MEETING a patient at the Repatriation General Hospital in Hobart. Monty spoke to several patients at the hospital. On the same day he read the lesson at St. David's Cathedral, which he had attended as a boy.



HIS OLD GOVERNESS, Mrs. W. A. Brain, of Sandy Bay, Tasmania, greeting him at the Civic Hall, where he addressed 4000 people.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 19, 1947

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STROMBERG-CARLSON Radio and Home Appliances There is nothing finer than a STROMBERG-CARLSON

She says

I have been a sufferer with kidney and bladder trouble for the last 17 years and have tried everything, but in most cases I was worse. Feeling very ill one day, and unable to get up, I read your advertisement for Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and thought I would give them a trial. I have never looked back. You do not know how grateful I am to you for such a wonderful medicine.



He says

Before taking Menthoids, I had been steadily going downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to regain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day, I feel ten years younger.



Many people to-day are physically and mentally exhausted after six years of war-strain, anxiety and overwork. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment is so good in these cases, because it contains no drugs or stimulants, but, instead, it cleanses the whole system so that you become invigorated with the glow of good health

—aches and pains melt away. If you suffer from constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic aches and pains, Kidney and Bladder troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or similar ailments, start a course of Menthoids to-day. You can get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to

MENTHOIDS, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

Dr MACKENZIE'S

MENTHOIDS

Containing THIONINE - The Great BLOOD MEDICINE



As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD fortune comes the way of Cancerians, Pisceans, and Scorpions now, and people in these groups should be confident and enterprising in making the most of the present period.

Virgoans, Leonians, and Taurians also benefit to a lesser degree, but Capricornians, Librans, and Arians should live quietly, and dodge partings and discord.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours. For Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Dodge legal decisions or domestic troubles now, especially on July 15 (near 9 a.m., 4 p.m., and 9 p.m.), 17, 18, 19 (afternoon), and 21 (late).

TAURUS (April 22 to May 22): Avoid extravagances or worry over finance and health this week. June 15 (dusk) and 17 (near 4 p.m.) quite fair; 19 and 20 difficult; 21 (to dusk) and 22 (except 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.) both helpful.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): July 15 (dusk), 16 (except noon to 3 p.m.), 18 (to 2 p.m.), and 20 (after 1 p.m.) all helpful for minor matters. July 22 and 23 poor.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): An excellent week. July 15 (except near 9 a.m., 4 p.m., and 9 p.m.), 17 (except midday), 18, 19 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.), 21 (after 3 p.m.), and 22 all very good.

LEO (July 24 to August 24): July 15 (midday and dusk), 18 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.), 20 (except midday), and 22 (except 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.) are all favorable for minor matters.

VIRGO (August 25 to Sept. 23): Worst hard on July 18 (to 9 a.m.), 19 (forenoon and evening), 20 (after 1 p.m.), 21 (after 11 a.m.), and 22 (except 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.).



"That's fine."

LIBRA (Sept. 24 to Oct. 24): Beware upsets, discord, and worry this week. July 15 (except 9 a.m., 4 p.m., or 9 p.m.), 17, 18, and 19 (near 7 a.m. and 4 p.m.) adverse.

SCORPIO (Oct. 25 to Nov. 23): Seek good fortune now, but dodge illnesses and worry. July 17 (except midday), 18, and 22 (after dusk) all very good. Use wisely.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24 to Dec. 23): Men ahead for better weeks. Meanwhile July 15 and 16 very poor, 19 (to 1 p.m.) and 20 (after 1 p.m.) fair. July 21 and 22 adverse.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24 to Jan. 23): Live cautiously this week. July 17 and 18 (near partings), 19, 20 (midday) and 21 (evening), very poor. Plan for weeks ahead.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 24 to Feb. 19): July 15 (except 9 a.m., 4 p.m., and 9 p.m.) and 20 (except noon to 3 p.m.) slightly helpful. Live quietly on July 18 and 22.

PISCES (Feb. 20 to March 21): Seek gains and promotions now. July 17 (except midday) and 18 very good; 19 (forenoon and evening) and 20 (after 1 p.m.) good. July 21 and 22 poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 21-22 (21-24 expire July 26).
BUTTER: 23-24 (expire July 26, when 25-27 become available).
MEAT: Black 30-34; green, 37-43.
CLOTHING: 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have become involved in a series of murders happening at a city theatre. Struck by poison darts, Faravelli, famous singer, a policeman, and the stage doorman die.

SCHMIDT: The orchestra leader, fears that he will be next to die. Mandrake orders the orchestra into the pit, then makes a chart. From this diagram he gets the origin of the darts, and thus the killer. There is a shout, and the first violinist, **GALLO:** Escapes. Schmidt cannot see how the violinist could be the murderer. After all, he was playing at the time. Mandrake examines the violin. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED



BIRTHDAY PARTY. Joan Byrne (left), Mr. D. Coady, M.N., and Lois Graham, president of Young Continent of Victoria League, attend eighth birthday party of League at Wedgewood Rooms. Joan leaves for England in Orion for marriage with Lieutenant Michael Paisey, R.N.



DINING AT ROMANO'S. John Gaden and his fiancée, Elaine Hart, who have just announced their engagement, dine at Romano's before going on to John Charles Thomas' concert at Town Hall. Elaine is only daughter of the G. E. P. Haris, of Killara.



FOURTH OF JULY BALL. Evelyn Schwartzrauber, U.S. Vice-Consul, with Dr. James Findlater at the Fourth of July Ball, held at the Trocadero, when members of Sydney's American Society celebrate national day.



RECEPTION. Mrs. Eugene Goossens and Lady Mayoress Mrs. R. J. Bartley at reception given by Lord Mayor at Town Hall to welcome Conductor Eugene Goossens and Mrs. Goossens.



CELEBRATING. Lieutenant-Colonel Constance Fall, principal matron of Australian Army Nursing Service (left), with Miss Maude Garrett at forty-fifth birthday of Service at Carlton Hotel. Lieut.-Colonel Fall is one of few women to meet Field-Marshal Montgomery during his visit to Sydney.

Intimate Gossipings

TEEN-AGE Catherine Butler, American Ambassador's daughter, is probably first young lass in Australia to be introduced to Monty at official functions he attends.

Her father, Mr. Robert Butler, gives luncheon for Field-Marshal Montgomery at American Embassy, Canberra, and Catherine asks famous soldier for his autograph. She chooses new white silk sports shirt, which, neatly folded, she takes down to library before luncheon. By the way, believe Monty knows all about neatly folded shirts, etc., as he always does his own packing.

Besides Monty's autograph I notice among other guests' signatures those of Admiral Sir Louis Hamilton and Minister for Air Drakeford. Catherine intends embroidering the pencilled signatures when she finishes her collection of famous personalities.

NO woman at luncheon, but before male guests, who include Service chiefs and Cabinet Ministers, commence meal, I peek into dining-room and see teetotaler Monty sipping his tomato juice. His two staff men, Colonel G. A. Cole, who is Military Assistant, and handsome young aide, Major Barnaby Atkins, choose tomato juice, too.

ANOTHER feminine admirer of Monty's to meet him in Canberra is Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones. She declares Monty is a veritable spell binder.

ALL in all, it's a busy time for the Butler family. Canberra is agog about wedding this Wednesday of Ambassador's son Walter and his American sweetheart, Shirley Louise Reidel, who flies to Canberra for ceremony at St. Christopher's.

Shirley and Walter are same age, both 22. They have known each other for a long time. No mother-in-law trouble for Shirley Louise I gather, as Mrs. Butler tells me: "I'm delighted about it. She's a lovely girl. In fact, I was the one who said, 'Call her up and tell her to come right on over here and get married!'"

CONGRATULATIONS on all sides to newlyweds Dr. and Mrs. Michael Neylon, who marry quietly at St. Patrick's, Church Hill. Mrs. Neylon, formerly Dorise Hill, popular founder of the Pickwick Club, Dr. Neylon, who is a retired physician, comes from Melbourne. He was formerly in the British Consular Service in Assuan, Egypt. Couple will live for the present in Dorise's attractive home at Palm Beach.

WEEK-END at Bowral for Honorable Moyra Campbell when she is guest of the A. W. Keighleys at their lovely home. After Bowral stay Moyra goes on to Mount Wilson to spend a few days, and before leaving Australia hopes to visit some of our country properties.

THINK how very alike are Nancy Fairfax and her mother, Mrs. C. B. Heald, who arrives from England in Orion. Dr. and Mrs. Heald delighted to make acquaintance of their three young grandchildren, Sally, John, and Timothy. Admire Dr. Heald's bright cyclamen tie he wears on arrival.

"HAVING a wonderful time" is main gist of Roselyn Musgrove's letters back home to Sydney from South Africa, where she is holidaying prior to going on to London, where she will make her headquarters for some time.

Ros sends birthday present of glorious evening bag to her mother, Mrs. Jack Musgrove, of Bellevue Hill, and says South African shops are so filled with lovely things it's hard to know just what to buy. Roselyn leaves Capetown on 25th of this month by Capetown Castle with fellow travelers Mr. and Mrs. A. Varcoe. They will arrive in London in plenty of time for Roselyn to be bridesmaid at wedding of Sydney lass, Raine Yates, who marries Richard La Page, of Surrey, early in September.

MAKING temporary home at Vancluse is new French Trade Commissioner, Mr. D. Lederlin, and his charming wife and seven-year-old daughter Claude. Couple hope to move into their home in Roseville Chase fairly soon.

DOWN from Canberra to attend his brother's wedding, Major Leo Cook squires his attractive wife Allison to lunch at Prince's. Leo and Allison attend wedding at St. Mark's of Lieut.-Commander Bill Cook and pretty Pam Owen. Bill, by the way, is appointed as first lieutenant to Polar exploration ship, Wyatt Earp. He and Pam will make their home in Adelaide while Wyatt Earp is refitted before sailing for Polar regions at end of year.

Joyce



PRETTY SYDNEY GIRL WED IN U.S.A. Carroll McCamy and his bride, formerly Faith Clothier, of Kogarah, cut wedding cake at reception following wedding at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, at Napa, California, U.S.A.



BACK FROM JAPAN. Newlyweds Captain and Mrs. Norman Carroll, who were recently married in Kure, Japan. Mrs. Carroll, formerly Audrey Bronner, of Adelaide, was Aamias with 130th A.G.H.



DOCTOR WEDS. Dr. Keith Lazarus and his pretty bride, formerly Betty Cohen, youngest daughter of the Leo Cohens, of Darling Point, leave Great Synagogue. Bridegroom's sister, Nada Lazarus, bridesmaid.

WORTH Reporting

FRANCE has thought out another attraction to add to all those she already had to offer tourists, by setting up a committee to arrange for visitors to stay in private homes with French families as their hosts.

With an introduction through French legations in each country the visitor to France becomes not merely a tourist but an honored guest.

"Through the committee a long week-end in a famous chateau as guest of one of France's leading families costs no more than the train fare and tips to the servants," writes Anne Matheson, of our London office.

"The Comité d'Accueil de France has its headquarters under the Opera House. It works through French Embassies and Legations abroad. Its president is Admiral Lacaze, of the Académie Française, and some of France's most important personalities are members.

"To ensure efficiency the committee works closely with the Commissariat Général de Tourisme and the Foreign Office.

"Through the committee visitors are admitted to clubs considered the most exclusive in the world.

"Vineyards receive visitors and the great wine industry plays host to foreign guests. Visitors are sent to the Riviera, the provinces, and to the Normandy beaches, where guides show them the scars of war.

"Fashionable French women assist visitors with their shopping and with introductions to dress designers.

"In welcoming visitors so warmly France is carrying out a set purpose. Her aim is that visitors shall grow to understand France and through that understanding co-operate in a revival of their country."

Rubbish to riches

NOT a rabbit bone, fish fin, metal bottle-top, fruit stone, matchbox, or nut is thrown away by Melbourne housewife Mrs. M. Reed, of Toorak. From all this waste matter she makes tableaux and bowls of imitation flowers and fruit.

She has exhibited them at charity functions, the Australia Makes It Exhibition, and the Community Festival in Melbourne.

Among her creations are an Australian homestead, shaded by wattle trees of dyed cotton-wool, with cows and chickens made from plaster of paris and rabbit bones; a beach scene with beach house, yachts, figures, and a lighthouse all made from shells; and a block of flats ingeniously constructed from cardboard milk-bottle tops.

Mrs. Reed has found designing, making, and painting these models a fascinating hobby for three years.

Great favorite with her younger admirers is a model fairyland, set in a moonlit garden and abounding in gnomes, fairies, and wondrous strange animals and birds.

But music-lovers will shudder when they learn that the bowl containing Mrs. Reed's lifelike fruit is really a gramophone record, steamed, moulded, and printed.

Animal Antics



"Oh, stop looking so wistful, Tillie. That ain't no egg!"

Flag for Monty

A COMMONWEALTH flag woven in pale blue and white wool and embroidered in silk is being made for Lord Montgomery by 16 war widows, rehabilitation students at the Strathfield Technical College.

The flag will be presented as a farewell gift to Monty on behalf of 37,000 reconstruction trainees (men and women).

Design of the flag was supervised by Miss Phyllis Shillito, head of the School of Design at the Sydney Technical College.

Dimensions of the flag are about 15 inches by 12 inches. Top half has Southern Cross embroidered on blue wool woven background, bottom half has the Commonwealth coat of arms embroidered on white wool background. "Australia" in golden wool is woven across center line.

SCENE, House of Commons, London.

Speaker, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, Dr. Edith Summerskill: "A substantial quantity of sardines have been released and will soon be in the shops."

Anthony Eden: "What happens when one releases a sardine?"

Helped by one man

YOU cannot talk to Mrs. George Carpenter, wife of former world head of the Salvation Army, who has come to live in Australia, without hearing about the work her son, Adjutant George Carpenter, is doing in Germany in charge of British relief for displaced persons.

She told us about a camp in Poland where the displaced persons were lethargic, felt nothing mattered. They had lost their loved ones, so just sat about doing nothing, leaving the camp filthy. When the Salvation Army moved in it found there was only one man in the camp who could possibly be interpreter. But he did not want to help. He had lost all his family except one sister in America, whereabouts unknown.

The Salvation Army located the girl through their American headquarters. Effect of her cable on her brother was instantaneous. He became a willing interpreter and thanks to this the camp was soon in fine spirits. Time never lagged with such activities as baby clinics, culture classes, kindergarten, sports, concerts, and baby shows.

Disconcerting entry

MRS. O. L. ALWIN, North Manly, New South Wales, tells the following story against herself:

"A gleam of suppressed delight entered the eyes of a tall young assistant as I stood at the ironmongery counter of a local store. Unobtrusively he brought other assistants to survey me.

"Puzzled by their mirth, hidden as politely as possible, I finally realised what caused it. Pinned on my expansive bosom was my entry ticket for a dog show, and printed on it in big letters was 'Barko'—good condition powders No. 133. Take Barko."

"In my excitement about my foxy winning a first prize I had forgotten to remove the card."

Cagy

A STUDENT newspaper at Sydney University ran an indignant letter attacking the actions of a student columnist in satirising important meetings held by committees at the University.

Signing himself "Fairplay," the writer described the columnist as "unworthy to hold office" and urged the editor to take action to have him suppressed.

The editor's reply was diplomatic, but pointed.

"Sir"—it ran—"I have taken note of your observations, but as the man to whom you refer won the Sydney University Boxing Championship last year I do not wish to pursue the matter further.—Ed."

Manna from heaven

THERE must be some optimists in the R.A.A.P., judging by some of the goods offered for auction at the first Customs Department sale since civilians returned to Darwin. The goods were seized from R.A.A.P. courier planes.

One super-optimist had tried to bring in a 52-piece Japanese dinner set.

But what interested the Darwin girls most were 13 pairs of gossamer-fine nylon stockings of a lovely shade. Lucky bidders got them for the ceiling price of 41 a pair.

Exquisite filigree pendants, bracelets, and brooches sold for the ceiling of 30/-, 25/-, and 15/-.

One hand-painted set of four pieces—bracelet, brooch, ring, and earrings, with the central figure in each a long-tailed pink pheasant backed by fine filigree—sold for the pegged price of 12.

The Department netted £400 from the sale.

The early birds

IT'S a busy time for posties delivering mail at maternity hospitals, now that enterprising business firms are again vying with each other to catch 'em young.

One young mother we know received an unfamiliar fan mail of 14 letters within two days of the announcement of the birth of a son and heir.

They ranged from felicitations from pram manufacturers, nursery furniture firms, soap and powder companies, and a savings bank to comprehensive schemes for insuring the young man's future.

Rude shock

WOMEN are to become the home-builders as well as the home-makers of Britain this summer, when Oxford undergraduates will work as laborers on housing estates near their homes. Incidentally, they were astounded when their offer of help was accepted by the Ministries of Works and Health. They could scarcely believe that Ministries would be sufficiently up to date to encourage women volunteers.

Information please

RAPHAEL KUBELIK, famous Czechoslovakian conductor, didn't bat an eyelid when one of Australia's leading musicians said to him the other day: "Is your country hilly?" and "What is the population of your town?"

Kubelik's "town" is Prague.

You'll get bouquets when you find out what tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

you're bound to find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter.



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

PL 15.24

Next to my bread and jam I like PEARS SOAP



You take no chances with Baby's roseleaf skin when you use Pears Soap. Just hold a tablet up to the light! You can look right into its heart and SEE its purity. Mild and mellow from months of patient maturing, it is a soap you can really trust.

PL 15.37

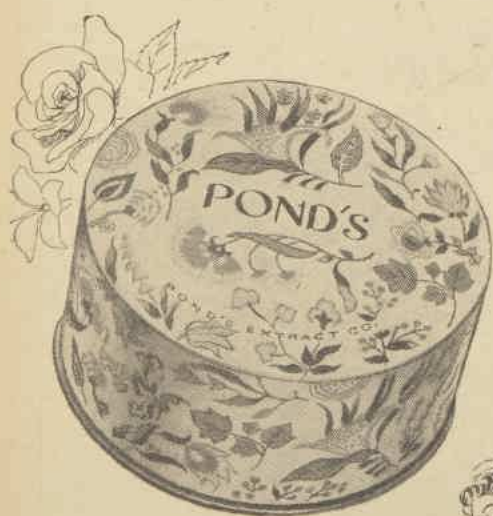
THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"... and now—a swallow-dive."

Glamorous Beauty

An outstanding figure in American Society, and a distinguished blonde beauty, Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart is devoted to the Pond's method of skin care. She says: "Ever since my school days in Paris I have been using Pond's Cold Cream" . . . and . . . "I've always depended on Pond's Vanishing Cream for smoothing away little roughnesses." About Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder she says: "Never have I tried a powder that I loved as well. I like the texture of it and the way it clings."



Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, in large or small jars for your dressing table, or convenient handbag size tubes—Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder: small size, 1/8; large size (almost double quantity), 2/10; at all chemists, chain and departmental stores.

Pond's Beauty

Pond's Beauty for you—
and the world's loveliest women!



Use Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing and freshening. Put this rich, satiny cream generously over your face and throat night and morning and whenever you change your make-up during the day . . .



Use Pond's Vanishing Cream as your make-up foundation. It smooths away little roughnesses so that your powder goes on evenly and you'll keep that serene smoothness and freshness about your make-up for hours!



Use Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder and see how much more this face powder can do for your appearance! Thrillingly fine-textured and fragrant, it goes on like a dream, gives your skin a sweet new colour radiance and keeps its fresh enchantment for hours.

G

GLANCING sideways, Valentine studied the other girl as she went on casually. "Oh, well, I jumped into the attention of several producers. That's all I wanted. This play had no chance from the beginning. But I had to get a start somewhere and the part was spectacular. Bye."

"I'll go with you," said Virginia, "and say hello to Corry."

They went out together. Valentine smiled slightly as she touched her lips with flame.

Jonathan Blair had, apparently, not exercised whatever he had under his hat. In fact, it appeared that he'd been played for what was commonly known as a sucker. That wasn't a very nice thing to travel all the way from Texas to discover. And his business was on the proverbial rocks.

He had, she decided, gone soft. He sat around a polo club, the "territory" of an unconcerned blonde pirate.

Soft—that's what he was. She felt strangely irritated.

And yet a beautiful tawny dog loved him and he had tumbled over the observation platform of the South-western Limited. She sat in thought a moment, then smiled and went back to rejoin Mr. Chauncey.

"It's been lovely," she said. "If you'd like to go I'm ready."

She was preoccupied as they started off in the car. Suddenly she turned to him and laid a hand on his arm.

"This Blair Line stock—can you get me some of it?"

He looked at her in astonishment. "Blair stock? But, my dear Miss Ransome, you don't want any of that. It's very shaky. I wouldn't be surprised if the Blair Lines declared bankruptcy any day now."

"Just the same," she said with crisp clear finality. "I am going to buy it. I own a couple of all wells myself. But I'd like it done through somebody else."

Mr. Chauncey sighed with resignation.

"How much stock do you want?" he said. "I don't imagine it will be hard to get."

"I want every bit of loose stock lying around, and if I can pry some more loose, all the better."

"Very well," said Mr. Chauncey. "I'll attend to it through our trading department Monday morning."

Late on Monday afternoon Mr. Chauncey telephoned Valentine at her hotel.

"I've secured several blocks of Blair for you," he said. "May I stop now, please?"

"Stop?" said Valentine. "Why, no, Mr. Chauncey. Pick up every bit you can."

Wednesday afternoon he called her again, his voice vibrant with emotion.

"Miss Ransome! If I keep on buying that stock for you there is an excellent chance, in fact, almost a certainty, that you will end up with control! Do you know what that means? You'll have a bankrupt steamship line on your hands!"

"What?" said Valentine, amazed. Then: "Fine! Go to it Mr. Chauncey! Pull sail and raise the main halyards!"

"You mean to say you want that line? What on earth for?"

"You'd be surprised!" said Valentine Ransome.

That evening Corry Blair dined with Carol Wallace. He dined, blissfully unaware of the typhoon rising up about his ears.

Fortunate, indeed, that state of blissful ignorance, because, after all, nobody could be expected to enjoy his dinner if he knew there was an assault against his very existence.

Jonathan was entertaining friends at Port O'Call his country home, next day, when Plummer, the butler, appeared with word he was wanted on the phone. New York calling.

Meggs was on the phone. "The Citizens' National has sold your stock, sir," he croaked.

There was a pause.

"Wait a minute," commanded Corry. "I understand part of that. The part about the Citizens' National—that's a bank. What was the rest of it? Say it slower."

"Your stock, sir! They've sold you out."

A Love Like That

Continued from page 3

"No!" exclaimed Corry violently.

"Er—yes, sir," contradicted Meggs. "You didn't redeem it on time, sir."

"But—nobody's buying that stock—"

He stopped. Nobody was buying that stock, but somebody evidently had.

"You sure, Meggs?" he asked, amazed.

Meggs was sure. Very sure.

"Thunder on toast!" muttered Jonathan Blair. "The Citizens' National sold that stock. Hoo twom—I mean, to whom—"

"A party by the name of Valentine Ransome, sir."

"Ransome? Never heard of him."

"Mr. Blair," said Meggs delicately, "doubtless it will be your pleasure to obtain some stock to replace that which you lost. In a hurry, sir, if I might so advise."

Translated into the language of Abijah Blair that meant, "Step on it or you'll lose your shirt."

"Right," said Jonathan. "Give me Dresser's number Meggs—"

He put through a call to Dresser, a director who had intimated that he wouldn't mind being relieved of his responsibilities.

"Hello, Mr. Dresser? Jonathan Blair. I called to say that seeing we don't agree on policy I'll be glad to take over your holdings—er, what?—What did you say, Mr. Dresser?"

"You said it? Would you mind telling me who bought it?—What?"

He hung up and leaned feebly back in his chair.

"What, I wonder," he muttered, dazed. "Is the funny idea?"

He called Meggs back.

"Meggs, Dresser sold his stock to Valentine Ransome through the Manhattan Trust Company. Who on earth is that guy?"

Meggs didn't have the slightest idea. Amazing! Truly amazing!

"Listen, check up on those other stockholders," said Jonathan. "We've got to head off Ransome. Get options on enough stock to make up what I lost—"

He went back to the living-room feeling somewhat disturbed. Of course, it would probably turn out all right, but just at present he was a minority stockholder and he didn't feel right.

"You're biting your lip," commented Carol, as he sank down beside her. "Something wrong, m'lord?" She placed a cool hand on his brow. "Somewhat fevered, too," he nodded. "Pulse?—heavens, bounding! If that was a female on the wire I'd like to know her prescription. Sit back, darling, and be comfortable."

Half an hour later Meggs called him again, twittering apprehensively like a little brown wren.

"I'm afraid, sir," he said, "that from all I gather, at present it appears as though—"

"Mr. Ransome has secured control of the Blair Lines."

Secured control of the Blair Lines! Why, that wasn't right. It didn't even sound right! Nobody had stood on the bridge but a Blair since the company was founded. All through sail, steam, oil!—and now somebody had eased him right out of the chairman's seat.

What a bump!

"Doubtless," Meggs was saying, "it will be your pleasure to come down here—as soon as possible, sir. I don't know what to do, I'm sure."

"I'll come immediately," said Corry. "Meanwhile, keep trying to

locate some stock Ransome might have overlooked. Thunder—!"

With which mighty oath he went to get his coat. He stopped in the living-room on his way out to tell them he had to drive to New York.

"Something's come up," he said. "But I hope to straighten it out and be back to-morrow."

Carol looked at him keenly.

"I'll drive down with you," she offered.

"I won't be fit company," he warned her.

He was thinking how nice it would be to punch Valentine Ransome hard! Valentine Ransome—one of these bargain hunters, mulling in on the Blair, buying control of old Abijah's company for a song, under cover.

Boarded by a pirate. That's what he had been! A young man who had gone to sleep at the wrong time and been boarded by a pirate!

The ex-chairman of the Blair Lines arrived at his office next day the earliest he'd appeared in history.

Meggs was placing his mail on the desk when he strode in.

"Mr. Ransome is due shortly, sir," he offered.



"Send him in as soon as he arrives," instructed Corry. "If he has guards with him send them in too. If he's what I've imagined him to be he'll need 'em."

"Yes, sir," said Meggs.

"I know what you're thinking," Jonathan said slowly. "Maybe you're right."

"I'm sure, sir, it wasn't altogether your fault." The secretary sounded miserable.

He went out and sat down at his desk near the door. He hadn't been there long when the elevator door clanged open. Meggs drew a deep breath and then let it out in relief. Only a girl had stepped out.

She walked quickly across the foyer and stopped at his desk.

"Good morning," she greeted, bestowing a pleasant smile upon him. "Is Mr. Blair in? Mr. Jonathan Corinthus Blair?"

"Might I," inquired Meggs efficiently, "know your business with Mr. Blair?"

"No," said the girl, considering. "I don't think so."

"I regret to say," Meggs regretted to say, "that Mr. Blair is busy. If you will leave your name, doubtless it will be—"

"My name," the girl cut him off, "is Valentine Ransome. And I'd like," she assured him earnestly, "to see Mr. Blair very much. Could you stretch a point and arrange it?"

Meggs tottered to his feet. He looked as though a breath of wind would have wafted him thither. But he managed to open the door of Jonathan's office and croak a brief word of warning.

"Miss—Miss Valentine Ransome, sir," he said faintly.

Valentine walked into the office with that long, swift step of hers as a tall young man turned from the window.

"Good morning, Mr. Blair," she said.

Something of a radical nature took place in the region of the Blair cerebellum. He stared, and made an indefinite gesture in the air with one hand, moving it around in a circle.

"Valentine Ransome?" he repeated, astonished. "But—but you're a girl!"

"I," declared Valentine, "know that."

"You're the Valentine Ransome," he said, his voice gaining in strength, "who?"

"Bought this line? Yes, silly, wasn't it?"

She looked about her, her eyes roving over the wainscoted walls, the fireplace, the picture of Abijah Blair.

"Sweet old gentleman," she murmured.

Jonathan didn't know just what to say. He was still bouncing Valentine Ransome, a girl!

There was something wrong somewhere. There was also something familiar about her, something that buzzed around in the back of his mind.

"Have I ever met you before?" he demanded.

"Have you ever been in Texas?" she returned.

His mind worked quickly. Coppery hair, those striking eyes.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed incredulously. "It can't be—"

"My grandfather left me some money," she explained, mouth curving slightly.

"The—cowgirl!" he breathed. "Suffering snakes!" The cowgirl! The girl who had been thrown off a bronco.

"Sit down, won't you?" he said. "I don't understand—"

She did, drawing off a white glove, and regarding him, amused.

"It's very simple," she said calmly. "Something can be done with this business and I expect to have a lot of fun trying. It's in terrible shape now," she went on cheerfully, "but that doesn't worry me."

"Miss Ransome," said Jonathan Blair, "if you had to buy something why the dickens pick this? Did you know it was my line?"

"Yes," said Valentine.

He glanced at her keenly. "You knew that?"

She nodded.

"And you went after the control deliberately?"

"At first—" she began. She stopped and tried again. "The stock was easy to get, just tumbled into my lap, and before—" She stopped once more. Jonathan looked at her coldly.

"Yes?" he invited.

Valentine shrugged. "I always wanted to own a shipping line."

She smiled. Corry Blair didn't look so amused, however.

"I don't know what I ever did to you," he said bitterly. "Shucks, I thought we were fairly good friends. I mean for first acquaintances."

S

TILL Valentine merely smiled, and after a moment Jonathan went on bitterly. "I can't figure out why you took advantage of this situation. What did you do? Bounce into town and buy this line just because I owned it?"

"Exactly," said Valentine.

"I'd like to buy back some of that stock," said Jonathan. "It can't mean half as much to you as it does to me. Will you sell?"

"Sorry," said the girl briefly.

"You won't?" He rose, paced the room restlessly, then came back to the desk. "Just where," he asked politely, "do I come in, Miss Ransome?"

"Oh, that will be all right," she told him. "I had rather supposed you would go on as you always have. Polo, and fishing, and," she waved her hand, "that kind of thing."

"Look here," he said, "let's get this straight. You're not seriously thinking of trying to run this line?"

"I am," said the girl. "Why not?"

Blair, assured, confident. A cowgirl who had topped a savage bronc and was now in command of his line.

"Listen," said Jonathan, in rising anger. "I've tried to be polite. I don't know how you happened to get here, or find out about my line, but you took a punk advantage of me and if you don't kick back with some of that stock you're going to find yourself separated from your grandfather's little wad so fast you'll have to walk back to Texas. What the heck do you know about running a shipping line?"

"Nothing," said Valentine. "But you don't either; so what difference does it make which one of us has fun?"

"Fun!" roared Jonathan. "Blair. Fun! My family founded this line! You can't go round experimenting with it just because your grandfather sold the old homestead or something."

Valentine's eyes sparkled.

"Fifty-one per cent. of the stock," she told him directly.

He made a great effort, and regained his calm.

"One last time, Miss Ransome," he said tersely. "Will you drop this crazy idea? Will you please go back to Texas and ride broncs, and let people who know the shipping business run it?"

"If you're speaking of yourself," she remarked, "I fail to see any connection."

That left him speechless. This girl hit hard.

She arose.

"Well, that completes everything, I suppose," she said. "Do you think you could arrange to be moved from this office by day after to-morrow? I want to get started as soon as possible."

"You," said Jonathan Blair dangerously, "are going to be very sorry. And I'll get this line back if it's the last thing I do."

She stopped at the door with her hand on the knob, surveyed him smilingly for a moment, then nodded.

"Try it, Mr. Blair," she said politely. "Good-bye."

With a raging headache, following a night spent in trying to drown his sorrows, Jonathan got out of his office, headache and all, the next morning. Valentine moved in the following day, and Meggs came to see him in the evening.

"Miss Ransome will keep me on, sir," he said. "I hope you understand, Mr. Blair. I don't know where I could get another position at my age."

"Of course," said Jonathan. "Don't blame you a bit, Meggs. Man must live, and so forth. How's it going?"

Meggs nibbled a forefinger, and looked somewhat exhausted.

"She ran me to death, sir," he said feelingly. "I haven't been so busy since your father—er, in years. She has invited everyone in the organization to keep his position, and called in the advertising firm of Rekan and Calhoun."

"Rekan and Calhoun," Jonathan whispered softly. "They're expensive babies."

"She is going to inspect the Orinoco to-morrow, sir. And she expects to take a brief West Indies cruise on her in the near future. Already she has given notice that a great many changes will have to be made."

Please turn to page 21

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





*Even if you
are not there*

You can trust the "menfolk" to go shopping by themselves if you tell them to look for the P.L.B. Shield. This Shield is your protection on men's and boys' wear too, as well as on ladies' apparel, maids' wear, manchester, woollens—indeed, on

everything you or your family wear.

In city shop or country store, wherever you find the P.L.B. Shield attached to clothing or material, it is your guarantee of quality from Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd.

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Launceston, Brisbane and Branch Offices.



This shield is your protection

A Love Like That

Continued from page 19

JONATHAN shrugged. "She'll go broke in a month," he declared. "Blowing what little jack she has that way. Just stupid—that's what it is."

He didn't go near the office until a week later, when she summoned him for a directors' meeting. He went more out of curiosity than anything else because she could vote anything she wanted anyway.

The directors' meeting was very simple. He and Valentine together owned all the stock—every other stockholder having fled for cover before the impending storm.

Miss Ransome did not bother about formalities or anything of the sort. She installed Meggs at a table to take down any suggestions and figures.

Dressed in a smartly cut dark dress with sophisticated white collar and cuffs, she looked very trim and business-like, a gardenia at her shoulder softening the business touch somewhat.

She sat behind her desk with Bard Calhoun, who, apparently, was going to give his personal attention to the Blair Lines account.

Jonathan knew Bard Calhoun slightly. He sometimes dropped in at Saybrook. Tall, thirty-four, and pleasant looking, he was recognized as one of the most brilliant young advertising executives in New York.

"Sit down, won't you, Mr. Blair?" Valentine said. "You have an interest in this company, so I thought you might like to know what's going on."

"Thank you very much," said Jonathan hastily.

Her eyes swept him quickly and she tapped a long yellow pencil rapidly on the desk.

"All right, let's get on with this. I've been over the Orinoco and also looked at all ship plans. I've seen the passenger figures for the last year and they're rotten. Bard and I have worked out something that may be a success."

Bard! She'd certainly gone a long way already. He watched her as she talked briskly and to the point, stopping to refer to a sheet of data or question Calhoun.

After a while Valentine called Mr. Packard, the executive vice-president, and Mr. Mansfield, the passenger traffic manager.

"I've worked night and day over these plans," she said, regarding each in turn. "As the line is now, it can't last. And I can see why. It offers nothing to the discriminating traveller. It's years behind the times. We're going to change all that. Talkie equipment is going to be installed, air-conditioning in the dining-room."

"Saloon," interrupted Jonathan. "Dining saloon."

"Oh, all right," said Valentine, waving a hand. "Saloon, by vote of Mr. Blair. Deck swimming-pools must be built, and each ship is to be painted regularly once every trip."

She paused for breath. But she didn't need it half as much as her gabbergasted audience.

"The staterooms," said Valentine Ransome, "are enough to give a person the willies. That's all got to be changed. I'm working on a color plan for them now, and will get round to the business of correct furnishings soon. And, she finished, "I don't care much for the looks of the kitchens at all."

"Kitchens," said Jonathan pityingly. Valentine looked at him.

"I beg your pardon?" she said. "On the prairie," stated Jonathan, "they're kitchens, but on ships they're galleys."

Kitchens! That would show her he knew something about boats.

"Thank you a lot, partner," said Valentine.

Director Blair nodded briefly. Valentine proceeded.

"The smoke stacks—"

"Funnels," said the inexorable Director Blair. "Smoke stacks! For the love of Mike!"

"Funnels," said Valentine, with an effort.

"You'll do better," comforted Jonathan, "after you've sailed on ships once or twice."

She started to say something, then changed her mind.

"As I was saying," she resumed, with effort, "the smoke-funnels

have no dash. None at all. No insignia, no colors."

"They're really supposed to let smoke out," Jonathan pointed out. "not to look like barber poles."

"You're a great help," Valentine said sharply.

"Let's get on with it," suggested Bard Calhoun, grinning.

"In short," the girl said with finality, "those ships have to be done over—"

"Overhauled," corrected Jonathan. "Boudoirs get done over. Ships are overhauled."

The yellow pencil tapped on the desk with the force of exasperated slim fingers. This time Mr. Packard stepped into a dangerous breach.

"This will take tremendous expenditures, Miss Ransome. And," he added, "business won't warrant it."

"Those expenditures will pay their freight," said Valentine crisply. "We'll vote 'em right now. All in favor—Bang!" She looked at Jonathan.

"Carried. Do you want to make it unanimous?"

Truly, this being a minority stockholder was humiliating.

"What," he demanded frigidly, "are you voting on? To tie pink ribbons around the funnels?"

She tossed him several clipped-together sheets of typewritten figures. "Tentative costs for advertising campaign, and blanket expenditures, as estimated by the controller. Haven't time to look into them now. Take them home and, if you like, Meggs will come around and explain them to you."

Just like that. Voting sums of money with a snap of the fingers. Meggs would explain the figures to him.

Valentine breezed on to something else.

"I understand that we have cut down on officers and crews. No good. From now on, we will have four officers instead of three, not including the captain, and the ships are to be fully manned no matter how many passengers there are."

Operating costs, freight rates, overhead—they meant nothing to her.

Packard and Mansfield presently left the office, fairly itching to ask each other if he'd heard aright. Bard Calhoun drew his chair nearer to the desk and began to shuffle through a sheaf of papers. The girl bent over them studiously. That left Jonathan without much to do and nobody looking at him, not even old Abijah Blair who disdained to look at anybody except the person who sat behind the chairman's desk.

He got up. "I'll be running along," he said coldly.

Calhoun looked up.

"So long, Jonathan. See you around."

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Blair," said Valentine. "I'm taking a special investigating cruise on the Orinoco to the West Indies on the twenty-seventh. Do you care to come along?"

"That's a good idea. Get a trip in before the bubble explodes."

"I asked you," she said snappily. "If you wanted to come along. Give me an answer in words of one syllable."

Jonathan did.

"No!" he said vehemently, so that the windows nearly shivered.

Valentine glanced at him unfavorably.

"Good-bye, Mr. Blair," she said. "Thanks for dropping in. You were a great help."

Jonathan strode out, extremely angry. That fast-moving, ruthless Texan brone had to be slowed up.

Then, as he pondered the matter, his irritation vanished and gave way to a slow, easy smile—the smile of the son of man who goes forth to war.

Jonathan Blair smiled as Abijah Blair might have smiled as a Confederate privateer ordered him to heaven.

No more parties. No more fooling around. The son of man goes forth to war.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

What's on your mind?

Profiteering on disabled war veterans

YES, it's starting again! During the depression, and after, women will remember the stream of men, sometimes six or eight a day, who came knocking at their doors. They tried to eke out a miserable existence by selling us goods we didn't want and often could not afford. They said they were working on commission.

As I say, it is starting again. Last week the first chap called on me. He was a returned soldier, fit only for light work, carrying a case he could barely lift.

I cross-questioned him. The people who employed him had it all sewn up. He had to lodge with them a deposit that more than covered the goods and the case, and he got a commission on what he sold.

They said he should do well because women would be sorry for him.

I was! But I was raging at the people who took advantage of his infirmity and counted on the pity of women to make a risk-free profit.

Women should demand legislation forbidding any employment on a purely commission basis.

It has been done in Queensland—why not in N.S.W.?

5/- to Mrs. J. H. West, Ryde, N.S.W.

Toy soldiers

IT is a pity that so many parents sow the seeds of racial hatred in the minds of their children. They do this in conversation and by presenting children with warlike toys. Recently I saw a little boy playing with a box of toy soldiers. He told us that he had chopped off all their heads because they were German soldiers.

"When I grow up I'm going to kill real Germans and Japs," he continued.

Admittedly the war is not long over, but toys like these suggest future war. Why not have pleasant toys for children to play with?

5/- to Mrs. Bisle, 103 Seventh Avenue, Maylands, W.A.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 2. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of 2/- will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

That accent

I AM always riled when I read Australian stories or hear serials and advertisements over the air in which domestic workers or working men are portrayed.

Usually they are supposed to be devoid of education and are made to drop their attches and speak with a rough, ungrammatical drawl.

It doesn't say much for our educational system and does not help to solve the problem of shortage of domestic workers.

A woman, to be a domestic worker, is not necessarily lacking in brains or the ability to speak correctly.

5/- to Mrs. Rose Walpole, 26 Wiltoughby St., Guildford, N.S.W.

Flying skirts

EVERY day one sees girls riding bicycles frantically clutching their skirts, which fly up at every



breath of wind. Why don't girls wear bicycle clips?

They could be clipped on below the knees and a small fastener used to secure them to the dress.

This would save girls a good deal of embarrassment and would make their riding much safer.

5/- to P. Moore, 40 Macalister St., Mackay, Qld.

Pay inequality

G. H. M. WALLACE in his letter (21/6/47) says that a healthy young woman is quite as able as he to stand in a tram or train, and that, because women claim equality with men, they must take the consequences.

A healthy young woman of seven stone, doing a man's job, I do not receive a man's pay. This inequality of pay between the sexes is my special reason for feeling incensed as I stand, morning and evening, for half-an-hour.

Let me remind Mr. Wallace that the young women breadwinners of to-day pay the same fares and taxes as the healthy young man. So until women receive equal pay for equal work I for one would appreciate a seat, although I do not expect one.

5/- to Miss Helen de la Perrelle, Salisbury, S.A.

Annoying visitors

VERY often visitors to hospitals spend little time with the patient they came to see. Instead of sitting beside the bed to chat, they make a tour of the ward, scraping acquaintance with other patients. The lonely one, far from home, whom they are visiting, looks on longing for news of the family.

Then the bell rings, and with a wave to the ward and "Cheerio," the visitors depart. Why do they come?

5/- to Miss E. Griffiths, 17 Alma Rd., Caulfield, Vic.

Cut to fit

DRESSMAKING schools pay too much attention to the cutting and designing of patterns. While this may be necessary for girls who wish to work in the trade, it is unnecessary for the home dressmaker.

The average woman can buy a reusable pattern, cut by an expert, which costs only a shilling or two.

Surely it would be better to teach pupils to cut from patterns and to pay more attention to the sewing, fitting, and finishing of frocks.

With such instruction, clothes could be made in the most up-to-date fashion at little expense.

5/- to Jean M. Gordon, 13 Monash St., Ascot Vale, Vic.

Doings Round Town

Continued from page 4

MR. CHALLEN nodded. "And you others?" he asked.

"We stayed here and waited," Mr. Fairhall went on. "There wasn't anything we could do but wait."

"No one left the room while those two were phoning?"

"No, sir!"

"In that case," said Mr. Challen brightly, "there are two alternatives facing us. One is that the gun is still somewhere in the flat, and the other is that Mr. Valtin or Mrs. Wilson managed to get rid of it while they were ringing the police!"

"They all protested fiercely at this, but when things settled down they had to admit he was right. Most of them looked pretty pale on it by now, and Mrs. Wilson's hand was shaking a little as she applied some more lipstick. She had chewed most of her original lot away under the strain.

She handed the tube to Miss Simmons, and I noticed that her lips were now tangerine, which was just exactly the wrong shade for a woman of her coloring. I sneered to myself, and glanced down at her nails, and then I got another shock, because they were cyclamen.

Well, she may have been a fool, but surely she wasn't mad enough to think she could get away with anything as outrageous as that. . . . And then it hit me!

When I had hailed Mr. Challen out into the corridor, I gave out with everything. He listened intently, and when I had finished we scooted down the corridor, and there it was, just before the corner which

led to the phone. We clattered downstairs, and I grabbed my slinky sleuth by the arm.

"Stop him!"

The caretaker must have thought we were mad, because we pushed him to one side and tipped his cartful of rubbish on its side.

The messy conglomeration spilt asunder, and there, reposing among the peapods and empty jam-tins, lay the handbag.

"There it is!" I exclaimed, pointing excitedly down at it.

"What yer think yer doin'?" Me rubbish all over the place. I just had it stacked to go in the furnace!" the caretaker burst out, but his protest went unheeded.

The zipper on the bag had jammed, but Mr. Challen tore the clasp away, and there was the gun, perched among Mrs. Wilson's life-lines. Just for the record, I had a peep at her lipstick. Cyclamen, just as I thought. That clinched it, as far as I was concerned.

Of course they fooled around with motives and things, and discovered that Mrs. Wilson had been carrying on with Harry and Theo. She broke down and admitted that Harry had switched the light off while everyone else's fascinated eyes were glued on her wiggling hips.

Then she dragged the gun from . . . well, nobody has worked out whether the gun was in her bag at that time, or hidden, as the police say, "on her person." But she didn't miss poor old Ted.

Vanity was her undoing. If she'd left her face alone, the gun and bag

would have been in the furnace—they would have found the gun, but the bag would have been burnt, and the original plan would have carried on as before.

She and Harry planned to pin it on poor old Theo, who looked the part so nicely, and had all the motive in the world. But she couldn't resist making a play for any available male, even if it meant using the wrong shade of lipstick, and there you are!

It was bad luck the zip-fastener stuck when it did. She couldn't wait to undo it, because Theo would have wondered what was keeping her so long, so bag and all had to go.

Naturally, when Tommy Challen (his first name's Thomas, he told me rather blushing) asked me how I got on her trail, I managed to murmur something about "suspicious traces" and "half-hidden clues." I mean, I couldn't tell him the truth, because you can't go round the place revealing to your man just what little girls are made of, can you?

Notice I said "your man"? That was rather presumptuous of me. I suppose, on the strength of one invitation to dinner, and I haven't forgotten the gleam in his eye when the Wilson woman was turning on the charm.

But I'm putting my faith in my own particular brand of low cunning. I wish we didn't have to worry about these things, but there you are, O tempora, o mores! Which means, to a girl, "Where do you find a wolf you can trust?"

(Copyright)

Gracious Styles

● Frocks and hats worn by our fashion adviser, Mrs. Mary Hardern, in these photographs come direct from some of the great Paris fashion houses represented in The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades, opening on August 4 in Sydney; August 23, Myers, Melbourne; September 8, Myers, Adelaide.



TWO-WAY evening gown by Jean Dessès is worn here with the skirt draped in formal style. Made of lilac crepe, it has shoulder drape of a violet shade, forming deep folds. Gloves are of the same material as the shoulder drape. Material gloves are a craze in Paris.

HERE Mrs. Hardern wears the same gown as shown above with a barrel skirt. Worn in this way the gown is more suitable for less formal wear. The draped skirt is hooked up and completely hidden. A deep band of violet crepe around the hem matches the shoulder drape. Delicate mauve coloring of this gown is one of the most popular shades in Paris this year.



CLAUDE ST. CYR created this grey hat with green and grey tulle in which nestles a bunch of pink flowers and green leaves. Mrs. Hardern wears it with a moss-green silk jersey frock, pink gloves.

PALE green was used by Leger for this high-crowned hat, with its broken brim. A beautifully made rose is placed on the brim and rounded with green leaves.



THE NEW PECTOP line is carried out by Jean Dessès in a tan coat and skirt, worn with Sygus's tan hat. The beige Jad parasol has a blonde wood handle twisted to give a look of rope and is extremely elegant. With this suit Mrs. Hardern wears a gold choker.

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 18, 1947



THIS superb evening gown made by Jean Dessès in black crepe shows the pegtop line falling in graceful folds to the floor. The top and skirt are separate so that the frock can be worn for either day or night. For evening Mrs. Hordern wears with it a pearl choker.



Designed this white locknit jersey frock, featuring the full skirt and the draped line in contrast to the tailored neck and waist lines. The fullness of the sleeves is carried on into the bodice, where it is draped line in contrast to the tailored neck and waist lines. The frock, said Mrs. Hordern, is its suitability for sportswear or for dressy occasions, when it can be allied with smart accessories.



LEGROUX designed this version of the harlequin hat in shiny black straw. Its elliptical, off-the-face line is very new and extremely becoming. Softness is added by the velvet bows and swathes of finest veiling falling loosely over the face.



BY CHANGING the long draped skirt for a short version of the pegtop, Jean Dessès' black crepe gown becomes a sophisticated afternoon frock, full at hips, tapering to knees. With it for day wear Mrs. Hordern chooses a black cocktail hat with swathes of tulle caught into a shoulder-posy.

is Maria your Heroine?

Maria is a wonderful pianist. She has played on all the famous concert platforms of the world. Would you like to be like Maria, when you grow up?



She Maria lovely concert smiles tells ask her how she keeps her teeth so white



MY DEARS, SMILES ARE IMPORTANT WHEN YOU FACE AN AUDIENCE. THAT'S WHY I USED GIBBS' DENTIFRICE. NO WASTE OF TIME. GIBBS' DENTIFRICE. NO WASTE OF TIME. GIBBS' DENTIFRICE. NO WASTE OF TIME.

MOTHER:

Let this story teach your children tooth-care. Gibbs is the most economical dentifrice. No waste of time. Gibbs' Dentifrice. No waste of time. Gibbs' Dentifrice. No waste of time.

G. 54.32

The Little Dog Laughed

Continued from page 5

JUST then Tibou came on deck carrying the dog. It was the girl's dog all right. The creature blinked in the bright sunlight, glanced slowly about, spotted Tony, and grinned broadly, warmly, cordially, the manner was precisely and judiciously that of one old friend greeting another after a long separation.

"That's the multi!" Tony snorted. "Confound the girl! Why couldn't she keep her hound tied up?"

"Sir?" Tibou inquired. "Nothing. Put a line around her neck and make her fast." He indicated a cleat in the gunwale. Then to Burton he said, "Stowaway. Belongs to some female tourist." And to Tibou, "All right—get us the beer and make it snappy. I want the sails down in a few minutes. We'll go on the engine."

Tibou brought the beer. Tony, thirty, finished his bottle in half a dozen gulps. He lashed the wheel and gave Tibou a hand getting in the mainsail. The engine came to life.

"Okay," he said to Burton. "You fellows can run out your lines."

Then abruptly the dog barked. The sound was low, vibrant, somehow infused with a quality of terrific excitement. She was standing on the starboard gunwale, staring fixedly at a section of sea perhaps fifty yards off the quarter. Her body was stiff; no muscle moved; her tail projected like a poker.

Burton tapped Tony's shoulder. "Well, look there!" he said. "The thing's pointing!"

The dog barked again, once, deep in the throat, as if uttering a signal.

"Pointing!" Tony said, and laughed. "Pointing at what? That alley hound? No—"

"But look at her," the New Yorker persisted. "What's she see—or smell? Something's excited her!"

The brown tail twitched slightly. "Yes," Tony said slowly. "Maybe she saw a fish jump. Could be. Two of you come aft here and get your lines out."

Burton signalled one of his friends—Edwards, the name was, a stocky, lined, florid fellow—and they took their fishing positions port and starboard on the afterdeck. They were, at Tony's suggestion, using spoons. The lines hummed off the reels. Tony saw that the brown dog, frozen, motionless, still gazed off to starboard as if her life depended on holding the stance.

"All right," he said suddenly, half under his breath. "Why not?"

He swung the boat in a long, lazy half-circle, bringing her gracefully about to run back over the area that held the brown dog's resolute attention.

As he did, two spinnous dorsal fins cut the water briefly a hundred feet astern of Tar II; there was an instant glimpse of racing white bodies just under the surface. Edwards shouted. "Got 'im!"—his rod jerked wildly and the line shrieked. Tony flipped the engine out of gear.

"Reel in," he said to Burton. "Clear the way." Then the small brown dog, oddly, caught Tony's eye for a moment. The creature uttered one shrill yap and relaxed like a punctured balloon. She dropped to the deck, put her nose between her forepaws and grinned slowly at Tony. Then her eyelids drooped, and all her interest faded. She appeared to sleep.

The New Yorker had hooked an amber jack; thirty-five to forty

pounds of fighting amber jack. He sweated profusely in the bright sun and drove his aching arms to the limit of their endurance. The fish was gaffed and aboard in twenty minutes. Edwards sat on the cockpit coaming, puffing immensely. "I could do with a beer now," he said happily.

"Sure," Tony said, signalling Tibou.

"That brown dog of yours," Edwards said, narrowing his eyes. "You know, she smelled those amber jacks."

"No," Tony said. "Stands to reason a dog can't smell fish under water."

"But she froze on 'em like a bird dog!"

"Yes," Tony said. "At least, it looked like it. Maybe she saw one jump."

"Maybe. Anyway, by golly, she led us right to 'em." Edwards was enthusiastic.

"By the way," Tony said, "she's not my dog. Belongs to some girl."

They looked at the small brown dog stretched on the deck. It seemed that she sensed their attention, for she opened her eyes and stood up. Tony leaned and untied the line about her neck. For a moment she sniffed the air, then walked over to scrutinise the amber jack. She displayed nothing more than a jaded, idle curiosity. She strolled forward into the bows.

"Self-satisfied critter—" Burton said, chuckling.

"The interesting thing," Tony said on another tack of thought, "is that I never heard of anybody taking an amber jack in this bay before." He started the engine. "We'll run toward the outer reef," he said. Edwards turned his rod over to the third man in the party, the man named Phillips.

Tony reached for a cigarette, aware of a considerable elation; at least, they'd taken the amber jack. And it was worth a wager that nobody aboard Helen or Antilles would hook an amber jack to-day, for all the fancy prices they were paying.

There'd be talk in the town. Feather in Tar II's cap, Tony reflected pleasantly. He released the wheel and put a match to his cigarette. Then the small brown dog, still on the foredeck, barked shrilly. One bark. And froze.

"Hey!" Edwards shouted from the cabin roof, waving an arm at Tony. "Look!"

Tony looked.

The little dog was at the portside gunwale, braced against the slow roll of the boat, staring at a patch of sea a couple of hundred yards away. The water, wind-ruffled, revealed nothing to excite attention.

Listen, Tony said to himself, watching the sea, watching the dog, bird dogs I've heard of, but fish dogs never. It's loony. There's no such animal. Right now I'll prove there's no such animal.



He threw the wheel over and gunned the boat a notch, swinging to the left. Burton and the mad named Phillips murmured broken phrases of encouragement to each other, and their clutches tightened on their rods. Then Tony straightened her out. The brown hound shifted her body, tense as a wire, and jumped to the cabin roof. Tony held the course for two minutes three, four.

"Sailfish!" Burton said. He said it just loud enough for Tony to hear, and he said the single word as if it were an incantation. Tony whipped his eyes around. The two spoons were skittering on the sea straight aft, the purple dorsal fin sliced the water a few feet behind them.

"Hang on," Phillips said. "You take it—" and began to reel in fast. The sail submerged, came up again, submerged again.

"Oh baby!" Tony breathed. "A 'hopper. Spoon won't get her. She wants a mullet on that hook—"

And then the sailfish charged and Burton's line sang off, and seconds later tightened, and the fish came out of the sea like a snapped whip—she hit, she bounced, and Burton shouted, "Yowie!"

In half an hour the fish was on its side, whipped. Burton manoeuvred it close to the boat. "Easy!" Tony shouted. "Easy!"

His hands, gloved, reached across the gunwale and gripped the bill and heaved.

The small brown dog strolled aft and sat on deck and watched with a somewhat weary, lacklustre expression of eyes and sagging ears while Tony subdued the sail with his billy. Thereafter the dog took a perfunctory sniff of the carcass, as if to assure herself that this was nothing more than what she had thought it would be, and went forward again to relax on the coiled anchor hawser.

"That dog," Burton said, in a tone of deep respect, "—that dog has a pelican blood! I'm a careful man, but I don't mind saying it's miraculous. You've got a treasure there—"

Please turn to page 26

CAN TWO FAMILIES LIVE HAPPILY IN THE SAME HOUSE?

When Sid came out of the army he and his wife, Myra, looked in vain for somewhere to live. At last, in desperation, he phoned his cousin Bob, who agreed to let them share his house. But ... would it work out between relatives?



MYRA, I CAN'T STAND THE ATMOSPHERE IN THIS KITCHEN ANOTHER MINUTE! UNLESS THERE'S A CHANGE WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS!

BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT HAVE I DONE?



WELL MYRA SEEMS WILLING TO GIVE AND TAKE HONEY, WHY CAN'T YOU DO THE SAME?

BUT MYRA HAS 'B.O.' AND I CAN'T TAKE THAT WAIT A MINUTE... I'VE AN IDEA



I'LL TAKE MYRA'S SOAP AND PUT THIS LIFEBUOY IN ITS PLACE. THERE! THAT'LL FIX THE TROUBLE! LIFEBUOY GIVES LASTING AND ALL-ROUND PROTECTION



BUT THIS ISN'T MY SOAP, LIFEBUOY. IS THE SOAP THAT STOPS 'B.O.' THAT'S A HINT IF EVER I SAW ONE



AND SO, SOME WEEKS LATER...

IT'S TONS MORE FUN GOING OUT IN A FOUR-SOME! QUITE LIKE OLD TIMES AGAIN, EH MYRA?

IT CERTAINLY IS! (THINKS) BUT WE HAD A ROUGH TROT BEFORE I BEGAN USING LIFEBUOY!

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."



"Surprise, darling! I ran into your old beau downtown!"

How to dress on a budget . . .

plan an all-wool wardrobe!

We say "plan" because some of the newest, most attractive wool fabrics have yet to make their appearance in the shops while the demand for others far exceeds the supply. However, check your wardrobe, decide what you need, then set aside so much each week, and you will be ready to buy when the new wool fabrics and clothes do become available. Apart from being fashion-right, wool clothes are better buying; they look better, last longer, wear better. Because wool has a natural elasticity, wool clothes keep their shape and size and are crease-resistant. Wool clothes demand fewer dry-cleanings. Washable woollens wash well if instructions are followed faithfully. Also, wool clothes and wool fabrics require less coupons, are sometimes coupon-free (as in the case of knitteds). From all points of view, it is wise to give wool first preference when planning a wardrobe. Keep this advertisement as a fashion guide and remember *there is no substitute for wool.*



- Slacks, sweaters — maybe a wool blouse or two for a change — and a casual jacket. All wool, all knitted (which is a saving of precious coupons) and all most acceptable, most necessary if your wardrobe is to cover all occasions.



- Two suits — one classic, one "dressy" and made from gaberdine, handwoven tweed or men's suiting. The "dressy" suit shown has the new bell-boy arrangement of buttons and a flaring peplum to its neat jacket.



- A sports coat built on boxy lines from checked tweed, camel's hair or wool fleece. Under it go suits and simple, shirtmaker-style dresses or jumper suits of some fine worsted or woollen material in a plain colour — neutral colours to be really smart.



- A lightweight wool housegown because it is suitable for wearing all the year round. And because it packs into a small space and does not crush — a consideration when it comes to holidays. Sugar pink wool jersey and wool lace made the trousseau model illustrated.



- One dinner-cum-evening dress is better than one for each occasion, best, if it's made of wool. The world's leading fashion-designers love wool for evening because of its beautiful colours, its drapability. There's only one catch — readymade wool evening clothes are still difficult to come by.



- For tennis — a shorts dress of air-conditioned wool (meaning that it keeps the body at a comfortable temperature). To contrast and to put on between sets comes a "topper" of the same wool which could be worn over next summer's prints.

- A dress for late afternoon and dinner dates. Wool crepe or wool jersey for this to make fluid, figure-flattering folds of the drapery and to form a setting for studded or sequined embroidery. Very definitely you need one such little wool dress.

Inserted by The Australian Wool Board.

The Little Dog Laughed

Continued from page 24

STILL Tony was not to be convinced. "Listen," he said. "It was coincidence. It stands to reason dogs don't smell fish under water at two hundred yards."

"Maybe ordinary dogs don't," Burton said stubbornly.

Tony shrugged slowly. "Have it your way."

They circled the reef a couple of times, but nothing showed. Tony put the helm over and moved away from the reef, heading in the general direction of the south shore, closer to home. The small brown dog wandered surefootedly aft, grinned at Tony, and sat next the cockpit coaming. She sniffed the air experimentally. Tony regarded her with mixed emotions. She confused him, unsettled him.

Coincidence, he murmured inwardly, can make a first-class monkey out of the rational processes of thought. It's crazy; get it out of your head.

Five minutes later the little dog stood up, barked once, and froze over the starboard gunwale. By an action almost reflexive, without hesitation, Tony pointed Tar II to the right, following the clear indication of the dog's muzzle. Abruptly Phillips' voice lifted in a shout; there was the high, dry scream of line running off a reel.

Two hours later, in the brief twilight, as they neared the jetty, Ed Beale's sleek Helen, dark blue and discreetly lustrous, zipped up from astern and overtook them. Big Ed, at the top controls, throttled down for a minute and yelled across, "Any luck, son?"

Tony was matter-of-fact. "Not bad, Ed," he called. "How'd you make out?"

"Got three tarpon and a tuna— Nice going, Ed! Us? Four tarpon, a tuna, two kings, and a barracuda—small one. Got a sail, too, about seventy pounds. Oh, I almost forgot—an amber jack. Maybe forty pounds. Ever see an amber jack in here before, Ed?"

"Nor anybody else ever has. Not in this bay."

"There's a first time for everything," Tony bellowed modestly. "You want to catch fish, Ed, just follow Tar II—"

What Ed Beale replied was, perhaps fortunately, lost in space as Tony Greer gunned his engine and shipped into the passage through the shore reef.

"You didn't tell him about the dog," Burton said.

"Do me a favor," Tony said. "Keep the dog under your hat until to-morrow, will you?" His face was very serious.

"Why, sure," Burton said, "if that's the way you want it," and the others nodded.

Tony showered. He clothed himself in white linen, and sat down to a hasty dinner. The steak was fine, but Tony wasn't aware of it.

Excitement continued to mount in him. Suddenly he laughed aloud.

Notice to Contributor.

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1084W, G.P.O., Sydney.

My friend, he told himself, you've collided head on with Old Lady Luck. Every tourist fisherman this side of Cuba will be scrambling to ride Tar II—when the word gets out—

The word of the catch—the sail, the amber jack, the four tarpon—and the story of the fish-pointing brown ferret-faced mongrel would be all over town to-morrow, no question of that. Before then, he'd buy the little dog.

He said to the little dog, "Here, eat up. Nourish yourself. Have some more steak."

The small brown dog, seated contentedly beside Tony's chair, snapped up the cubes of steak and grinned appreciation.

Tony folded his napkin and stood up. He carried the dog into his bedroom, locked the door, put the key in his pocket. Then he backed his car out of the garage and drove down the hill into town.

The girl would be reasonable, of course. What did she want a dog for anyhow? A whim, nothing more. In the back of his mind lay a kernel of regret that he had not been more cordial when she'd turned up on the jetty that morning. He recalled that he had, in line with his policy toward young women, been cool, formal, perhaps even curt.

Of course, the girl had reminded him (simply by being a girl, and shapely) of the female piano player at Miami Beach; and he'd been expecting an argument about his no-women rule aboard Tar II. Well, too bad. But very likely he was exaggerating this thing out of all reason. Very likely the girl hadn't really noticed his brusqueness.

At the first three hotels, the principal tourist hotels, they had no guest who met the description of the little dog's owner. "So sorry," one room-

clerk said. "You make her sound beautiful, Tony."

"What?" Tony said. "Oh—beautiful. Now that you mention it, I suppose she is. Nice face, as I remember it. But that's none of my business. I want to see her about a dog."

The clerk said, "Naturally, naturally." There was something very offensive about the way he screwed up his cheek and winked.

In the fourth hotel he was getting distinctly weary of this; he repeated the description and added that he didn't know the girl's name, but—

"The name," the manager said, "is Fraser. Miss Ellen Fraser." He craned his neck to look past a pillar. "She's on the gallery now, Tony. See?"

Tony looked: it was the girl, Miss Fraser sat in a low reed chair under a couple of ridiculous potted palms. She held a book in her lap; and suddenly, perversely, it occurred to Tony that reading was a dull occupation for a night of West Indian starlight. "Thanks, Charley," he said to the manager.

The girl glanced up as he approached.

"Remember me?" Tony said. Miss Fraser appeared to be thinking it over with detachment. "Perhaps I could if I tried hard," she said finally. "But it seems a lot of trouble."

Spirit, Tony thought. He pulled up a chair and sat facing her. "Don't," he said, "be a mothball. My name's Tony Greer. I'm the guy who was rude this morning. I've come to apologise."

Ellen Fraser offered a cold smile. "I bear no scars. However, thank you. And now good evening." "Is there a rush?" Tony said. "I've got news. I found your dog." Then the ice melted. "Oh," the girl said. She sat up, straight. "Where? Where is she?"

It couldn't be denied that Miss Fraser was pleasant to look at. A lovely mouth. And lovely eyes. Snarls, traps, and pitfalls, Tony reminded himself austerely. Yet for the first time since the last time he felt himself warming up inside. He resisted it firmly. He gave his attention to what the girl was saying.

"Where's my dog?" Ellen Fraser was saying.

"At my house," Tony said. "She stowed away in the boat; this afternoon I found her aboard. I shall confess to you: I have become very fond of her. Sentimental attachment. I want to buy her."

"No." "Don't be like that," Tony said. "What do you want with a dog? Living in a hotel. Hotel life isn't fair to a dog. Besides, you're a tourist."

The girl regarded him intently. "I'm entitled to the truth," she said. "It's my dog."

Tony arranged a narrowed, puzzled expression of his eyes. It wasn't very convincing. "What do you mean, truth? I simply want to buy—"

BUTCH



"Hereafter, let me check over your look before we make our getaway."

"The dog's not worth buying," Ellen Fraser broke in, "as you very well know. What's the story?"

This was inflexibility, mulishness. But suddenly, in spite of himself, Tony grinned; suddenly the annoyance, the impatience, drained away from him and—in spite of himself—the warmth flowed in again. He found himself succumbing to an urgent compulsion to confide in the girl with the radiant hair.

Words tumbled out of him. He told her the whole story, his words running away with him. "It was incredible," he said at last. "It was wonderful—"

"I'd have to see it," Ellen Fraser said loftily. "But, of course, you don't allow women on your boat. They fall overboard. They hook themselves." A silence hung in the air, waiting to be shattered. Tony said softly, "You win." He shrugged. "You're invited to come fishing with me to-morrow and see the little dog perform."

Ellen Fraser replied nothing at all; and Tony, watching her, waiting, was actually aware of the effect produced by the wide eyes with the flecks of gold in them. Wait a minute, he told himself in alarm. It could happen to me! With this girl it could happen to me—

This was disturbing. Tony looked at his feet, and at the night, and at the girl.

"To a fisherman," he explained very earnestly, "the dog's worth money. Of course, maybe she's a flash in the pan. Maybe she can't repeat. But I want you to know—if it isn't too late—that I want to be fair—"

"I'll keep an open mind." Then Ellen Fraser smiled. Without the coldness. "Perhaps," she said, "we can work out some kind of partnership arrangement."

"Partnership?"

"Yes. Your boat, my dog. See?"

"Hm-mm." Tony said. "That hadn't occurred to me."

"Think it over," Ellen Fraser stood up. With decision Tony Greer took her hand and shook it once, firmly. "To-morrow," he said.

He drove back rather recklessly, touching fifty miles an hour. The little brown dog, grinning affably, appeared delighted to see him. Tony dropped into a chair, conscious of day's-end weariness. He put out a hand and patted the brown ferret head.

"Sweetheart," he said thoughtfully, "it may be, it just barely possibly may be, that I've got myself involved in something with a long future. And this will amaze you—it may be that I don't object—"

For a moment it really seemed that the little dog laughed. But the illusion of sound no doubt developed out of the roguish intensity of the grin.

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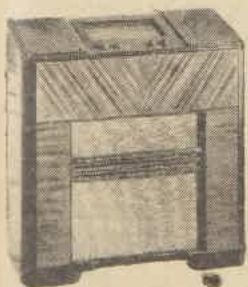


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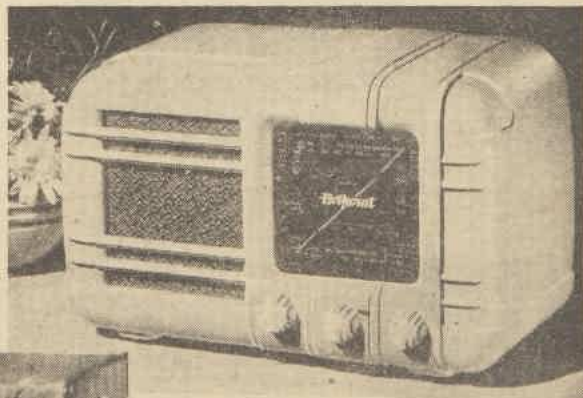
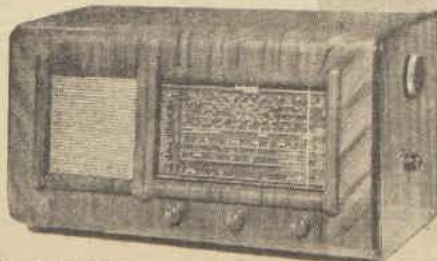


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EVELYN

same job as before, and probably always would have, since she had responsible work, got steady increases in her salary, and the firm had a generous retirement plan.

Five years ago, Evelyn had been thirty-four to Hilda's twenty-two; now she was almost forty, and retirement plans held some interest for her.

In the course of this five years, the two had, unconsciously, become much more a unit of two people than independent girls. They were asked out together, and when one gave a party she considered the other's feelings and usually weeded out a few unpopular people from the invitation list.

"What about men?" Evelyn would say briskly. And they would go down the list of men they knew, naturally not so long a list as they could wish, but still adequate. Sometimes it bothered Hilda that there were not more men she was interested in. Stan seemed to have drained her not only of hope and trust, but of interest.

In any case, she had learned that, if ever she did show signs of interest in any particular man, Evelyn promptly became very disapproving. Casual acquaintances were made welcome enough, in an amused way. But the man who reappeared too often had his flaws turned to the light until he seemed a wretched thing.

"Of course, he's awfully nervous," Evelyn would say. "Mother-ridden, I suppose."

Or, "Doesn't he rather remind you of Stan? The same mannerisms? The same attitude toward women?"

That was why, when she met Tom Quillan, Hilda kept him hidden by subtle camouflage. She rarely mentioned him, and when she did she was casual. She carefully spaced their meetings so that Evelyn would not guess that she had recovered the use of her heart. After the paralysis of disillusion she was in love, and welcomed it, was not afraid of it.

Tom did not kiss her on their first evening together, but when he did it was in a taxi, and lights and stars were flung round them like spray, the long black macadam roads, so travelled, so hackneyed and roundabout, seemed like the long roads into a lovely world.

"I didn't think I'd ever find a girl like you," said Tom.

"Oh, Tom, I never dreamed I'd meet a man like you," said Hilda

Warning Bell

Continued from page 7

soberly. "I wish I didn't have to go home, ever." It was one, or two, or four—it didn't matter, except that there was work to do to-morrow, and Evelyn would wonder. She didn't know whom Hilda was with.

"Where we are is home already," Tom said.

Tom had been lonely, too. He had few ties, like Hilda. They talked endlessly of their childhood and knew that they both wanted the same things that most other people did, but more tensely and less critically, because they had had so little. Even now, Tom lived in temporary fashion at a club. As an executive of a big steamship line, he had to move about a great deal.

"It's no hardship," he said one evening. "Wait until you travel."

"I suppose I'll have to wait," said Hilda. "Unless you ask me to marry you."

"Formally, you mean?" asked Tom, since she was already in his arms.

"Any way, just so long as you do ask me!"

"I asked you a long time ago," Tom said. "And you answered. It's only the details that have to be arranged—when, where, how. We'll have to travel for the first year or two—then I can choose where we'll live. But it certainly won't be here."

"I'm glad," said Hilda slowly. "I'd rather be away for a while. There's enough to adjust when you marry someone without also having to deal with all your friends and their problems, just at first."

"Evelyn," said Tom. "But didn't she know this was coming off?"

"I've hardly mentioned you," said Hilda. "On purpose."

"That's what I thought," said Tom.

He kissed her again in the taxi, and in the hallway outside the flat. She didn't ask him in, and she could not go to his club. They were homeless, in the midst of love.

"Only for a little while longer, until I get reassigned," said Tom. "Then we'll get married."

"It seems a long time," said Hilda.

She could hardly believe her own love. She turned it over when she was alone and looked at it, and every time, it was real. She could tell, because it was not perfect. It, and Tom, had flaws, as Evelyn would

be sure to point out when she had the opportunity.

But Hilda didn't want a perfect love. She wanted a real love, and a real man, and Tom was certainly that.

"Of course he'll phone," Hilda told herself as she lay in bed that fateful day. "This is the most important phone call I've ever had in my life. It may mean we get married next week."

Tom had an appointment to-day with his steamship people, and was due for a year's assignment, probably in England. If that was the job, they would be married at once, and would sail as soon as possible. But there was also an unpleasant alternative. Tom might be sent to the country to inspect some mines and other property of the steamship company, and, in that case, he could not take Hilda with him. He might be gone for months.

It was difficult to decide just how much to tell Evelyn about Tom, and when to do it most comfortably.

I have a feeling she won't take it well, thought Hilda. But I must tell her as soon as I've heard from Tom.

Their meal was pleasantly arranged by the living-room fireplace.

"Isn't this cosy?" said Evelyn. "Lately, we've been so hectic and social, we've hardly had an hour together in the old way. I'm glad we're alone this evening."

Hilda hardly heard. She found herself withdrawn into a knot of apprehension and listening. Why didn't Tom telephone?

SIGHING

Evelyn glanced at her. She talked about the office a little, but swerved sharply into a favorite discussion of what they called The House.

"There's a place we ought to go and look at this week-end," she said. "A girl named Rose Spencer knows it—an aunt of hers wants to sell it, quite cheap. I've got some snapshots, and I'll show them to you after we've finished."

For a long time Evelyn had wanted them to buy The House together, for week-end use and holidays, and, eventually, for their old age. Lately Evelyn had taken to assuming, aloud, that they would spend their old-age together, and that was another reason why Hilda was going to find it hard to tell her about Tom.

Hilda had been purposely vague on the subject of the house even before she fell in love with Tom, because she didn't like the idea of such a permanent arrangement with Evelyn. Yet she had found it hard to argue, because an inexpensive house was a perfectly good investment, and they would save on the cost of week-ends. They often went to a guest-house now.

When they had finished their meal, Evelyn reached into her housecoat pocket and drew out a handful of snapshots. "Let's take a look now."

"All right," said Hilda. The house was small and built against a hillside. It had trees and casement windows—a darling house.

"It's cream and green," said Evelyn.

"You've seen it?" asked Hilda.

"That's where I was last week-end," Evelyn said, and her voice sounded guilty. She hadn't told Hilda where she was going. But Hilda felt guilty herself. Last week-end she and Tom, without Evelyn's critical presence, had decided that they must marry soon, even if he had to go away and leave a bride. Alone for once, they had got themselves a meal or two and talked before the fire.

Evelyn's next words made Hilda turn paler, and sit erect.

"I made our first payment on the house. I was so sure you'd love it as much as I did. Why, Hilda, it's even furnished—we wouldn't want to keep all the things, but some of them are very nice. We can move straight in if we want to."

Hilda said, "You shouldn't have done it, Evelyn, without consulting me. You know I've never been quite sure whether I wanted to put money into a house, when we would separate some day."

"That's why," Evelyn cried. She rushed over, laid her head against the arm of Hilda's chair, and burst

ALFRED



"Alfred wants to know how it happens to be sure it always comes out again."

into tears. "I was so afraid!" she said. "Hilda, I can't bear the thought—we're more than business associates, more than room-mates, aren't we?"

"We're friends," said Hilda gently. She patted Evelyn's hair, but she was full of fright.

"We've been together so long! We've been so close!" Evelyn sobbed.

"For five years you've been wonderful to me," said Hilda. "I've appreciated it, Evelyn. You've helped me in so many ways, about my work, about being independent. But you must have known we would separate eventually."

"Why?" said Evelyn. "You don't really want to marry, do you? Why, in all these years—you've never met a single man who was good enough for you! You've always seen it in time."

"You helped me see," said Hilda a little drily. "What about Tom Quillan, Evelyn? What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing," said Evelyn. She tried to stop sobbing. She sat back, and brushed her arm over her face. "A little crude, perhaps," she said. "Not very sensitive."

"You mean, you couldn't discourage him?" said Hilda.

She got out of her chair and stood looking down at Evelyn, who crouched away as if expecting a blow.

"You tried to, didn't you?" Hilda said. "You used the same tactics you've used before, but this time it was different."

"I did try," Evelyn said defiantly. "I wanted us to be on the same old peaceful footing. Your job's just getting important. I didn't think it was any time for you to be interested in a man—especially one who might have to go away."

Hilda jumped, the fear was so sharp. Evelyn, remembering Stan, had reminded Hilda that Tom, too, could vanish, and even though she knew he loved her, a doubt was implanted. Why hadn't he called her? What had gone wrong? Or had he changed his mind?

"Did you ever think I might go with him?" she said. "Evelyn, I love Tom. We're going to be married. I don't know what to do about the house—you should have consulted me first!"

"You should have been honest with me!" Evelyn cried, and now she was angry. "You can't leave me!" she said. She, too, was standing. She looked around the room, and five years aligned themselves beside her. All the loyalty Hilda owed for untiring friendship stood beside her. "He isn't worth it!" she said.

"That doesn't matter," Hilda said quietly. "I'm terribly sorry you must know it like this, Evelyn, and I should have told you before, but I hate scenes. I'm going to marry Tom. I'm going to telephone him now."

Evelyn started a little, as if to rush forward and lay a restraining hand on Hilda, but she stood still. She looked twenty years older, and she shuffled the snapshots of the house in her hand.

When Hilda went to the telephone she understood everything. Evelyn had gambled—and lost. Back in the bedroom, half-drowsing, coming to

the decision to tell Evelyn that their five years' association must end, she had, indeed, heard the warning bell. Her life as a woman had been in danger, and she had almost not heeded the warning.

The receiver was off the hook. Evelyn, knowing that Hilda was listening for the telephone bell to ring, had rushed at the black instrument and had silenced it. It might be an accident that a book was propping the receiver up off its hook, but Hilda knew it was not. She moved the book. At once the bell began to ring.

"Tom—," she said. "I was just coming round!" he said fiercely. "Something's been wrong with the phone. I couldn't get you!"

"I know," said Hilda. "But you can come now. I'll be waiting."

"You told Evelyn?" Tom said.

"She knew before I told her."

When she went back into the living-room, she said nothing. She began to carry trays and dishes out to the kitchen, and at last Evelyn became able to move again. She bent after a cigarette, lit it.

"I think I'll go down to my country place for the week-end," she said. "Alone."

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F4742



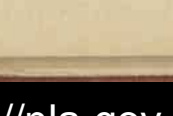
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IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

Many young wives make the mistake of having their girl friends at the house too frequently during the first year of their marriage.

This often leads to the husbands taking a dislike to the girls and resenting the presence in their homes of people they might otherwise find congenial.

THE letter I am answering the first this week tells of such a situation.

"MY wife and I like different types of people for friends, a fact that was not apparent before our marriage. Whenever I come home I find some empty-headed, chattering girl friend round the place. I love my wife, and she loves me, but do you think a marriage can hold together when the people concerned don't like the same friends?"

I don't suppose you married your wife for her friends, any more than she married you for yours. Liking each other's friends is a help, but it isn't all-important.

But don't make the mistake of summarily dismissing your wife's friends as simply a lot of chattering women. There must be something worthwhile and lovable about them if they ARE her friends. It's up to you to find out what it is.

Perhaps she finds your friends hearty, self-opinionated, and boisterous. To you they are good chaps, fine fellows to play golf with, and you went to school with them anyway. She feels the same about her chosen circle of intimates.

Don't hurt her by making belittling remarks about chattering women, but say to your wife that you feel you are being deprived of her company by having to share her so often with her friends, when what you would really like would be a quiet time together.

"Is it correct in announcing in the Press the birth of a second child to give the mother's maiden name?"

Strict etiquette does not provide for the inclusion of the mother's maiden name in the announcement of a birth, whether the baby is the first or second.

"BECAUSE of an operation I shall never be able to have a child. Both my husband and I are intensely fond of children, and though we love each other the knowledge that we will never be able to have a child is causing bitterness. We have no home of our own, and live with relatives, and we think because of this we would not be allowed to adopt a child."

Each case is carefully considered on its merits by the Child Welfare Department. Having no home of your own is not in itself a bar to adoption. But you must be able to prove to the Department's satisfaction that there is sufficient room in the house for a child, that you are of desirable character, and possess the means to support any child adopted.

"It surely is incorrect for a divorced or widowed woman to be wearing a bridal gown and veil when she is remarried."

Not only is this incorrect, it would be in the poorest possible taste and could only bring ridicule upon the wearer. Those remarrying should be content with a quiet ceremony and wear a dress or ensemble of street length and a pretty hat. On no account may a bridal veil be worn. Instead of a bridesmaid, the bride has a matron-of-honor. If she carries flowers, they should not be white, but some pale color.

"WE are lucky enough to have a new home, and want to give it a typically Australian name. Karingal means 'happy home' in the aboriginal language. Could you supply a list of further suitable names from which to choose?"

Elanora means "home by the sea." Ellimatta, "our dwelling." Illa-langi, "house on a hill." Kwong, "resting-place."

"LIVING on an orchard in the country, we older girls in the family always try to see that our brothers have nice table manners. You said that it was not correct to place the fork with the arch against the plate when the meat course of a meal was finished. We cannot quite make out if you meant the prongs of the fork should face up or down."

I am sorry if I expressed myself in a manner that was not perfectly clear. The prongs of the fork should face upwards.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column. Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address on top of page 9. She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"AT parties my boy friend flirts with other girls. I cannot help feeling hurt, although he never takes out anyone else. Sometimes he speaks of marriage, and then at other times says he is too young to be tied down. We are both 20."

It is understandable that at 20 any young man should feel himself too young to undertake responsibilities of marriage. As the provider, these fall more heavily on the shoulders of the man. Some people are incorrigible flirts; they just cannot help going out of their way to charm others. If you are the only girl this boy takes out, I don't think you have any real cause for worry.

"MY social life is just starting, and I would like you to advise me if it is impolite when dancing to hold your partner at half an arm's length. Some say she should be held close. Others that half an arm's length is the correct thing."

Try to strike the happy medium. No girl appreciates being held so close that she is thrown off her balance and her dress crushed, just as no girl likes being held so far away that she cannot easily follow. Each crowd has its own ideas of what is correct, so model your style on that of the best dancers in your set.

"FOR her wedding, my daughter is wearing an afternoon frock, white hat, shoes, and gloves, and is going to carry a white prayer-book. Is it necessary for her to have a bouquet as well, or could she just have a white satin ribbon hung or tied from the prayer-book? Please suggest what her matron-of-honor should carry."

The prayer-book with its white satin ribbon which your daughter will be carrying will take the place of the usual bouquet. Her matron-of-honor should carry flowers to either match or contrast with the color scheme of the frocks worn. She could have a spray of flowers on her handbag if a more formal bouquet is not desired.

"Is there any way to find out if a boy still likes you, when he just says that nothing's the matter when you ask him is anything wrong? I'm sure I haven't done or said anything to offend him."

When people tell you there's nothing the matter in such circumstances, it often means that they've met someone else, but have not enough courage to tell you so. You won't get anywhere by pestering this boy, so put a brave face on it, and try not to appear too hurt.

Who says hand embroidery is hard to wash?



asks Aunt Jenny

MRS. BUCKLEY, of 322 Seaview Road, Henley Beach, South Australia, says it's as easy as winning when gentle Velvet Soap is on the job.

"I'M SO PROUD OF MY SWISS FROCK" writes Mrs. Buckley, "it's lemon voile, embroidered in Switzerland in December, 1930. I've worn it for fifteen summers now, washed it time and time again—and you can see from the photo it's still lovely, thanks to Velvet Soap."



"AND JUST LOOK

at this scarf sent by my husband from Egypt in 1918 (we were sweethearts then). I wear it over my hair for evenings. It's been washed with Velvet dozens of times, and it's still as good as the day I got it."



"I HAVE FOUR CHILDREN

(the boys were too shy to photo)—and a big house to look after," continues Mrs. G. Buckley. "When my two sisters and I married, Mother made sure we used Velvet from the start. I'm never without a bar of Velvet in my home." (Original letter in our office.)

Velvet Soap

Turn in every morning, Mon. to Thurs., "Aunt Jenny's Real-Life Stories"



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7.2/47

No easy path to elegance

Winter brings many problems in care of complexion and hair

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

Care of the hair and skin is the most important task to be faced during the winter when drying winds and low temperatures play havoc with both.

READERS' queries answered on this page include the problem of keeping blonde hair blonde, winter skin troubles, and the importance of vitamins in the diet.

Q—During the past few years my hair has begun to go darker. Could you please tell me how to bring back its golden color?—"Eighteen."

A—Unfortunately blonde hair rarely remains fair through the years. The time arrives when it begins to darken round the roots and the temptation to resort to artificial coloring is hard to resist.

But in my opinion it is better to cultivate the golden lights the hard way. Brushing, combing and shampooing combined with massage and sunning, provide the best treatment. Well-kept blonde hair will look at least two shades lighter than just-kept hair.

A lemon fluff will help to brighten the hair and is harmless to its texture.

Q—Every winter the skin on my lips dries and gets tender and my lipstick doesn't stay on properly. What can I do about it?—"E.S."

A—If your lips are unusually dry and refuse to look satin smooth despite the aid of a creamy lipstick, give them some lubrication by applying a lip lotion which you can easily make at home.

Use one ounce of rosewater, one quarter ounce of witch hazel, one quarter ounce of glycerine, and a few drops of mineral oil. Put in a well-corked bottle and let stand for

24 hours, shaking well every time you think of it. Use as often as you care to.

Q—Although I have dark brown hair and brown eyes, my eyebrows are barely visible. Could you suggest some way to promote thicker, darker growth of eyebrows?—"Miss Seventeen."

A—Constant use of oil—olive or castor—is a good tonic for both eyebrows and lashes; apply a few drops every night and brush it on during the day, too. It will give a nice smooth brow-line and give eyelashes a darker, thicker look, meanwhile promoting growth. A few strategic strokes with a brown eyebrow pencil will give an immediate concentration of color.

Q—Recently my legs have a "congested" look, with lots of fine little veins in patches; they are just under the skin and look very unattractive. Can you tell me something about them please?—"Janet."

A—Either vitamin deficiency or varicose veins could be the cause. In any case, you should consult your doctor for diagnosis and treatment. Statistics show that one result of a deficiency of Vitamins C and P is a condition known as capillary fragility.

Simply, the walls of the small blood vessels near the skin become thin and frail, permitting the blood to seep through. Occasionally, though the diet furnishes sufficient amounts of these vitamins, the individual, because of some physical condition, fails to utilise them, and a deficiency results. Fresh fruits, especially citrus fruits and tomatoes, are excellent sources of Vitamin C.

Fresh lemons, both pulp and skin, are also a rich source of Vitamin P. To extract Vitamin P, grind the whole fruit, cover with water, and boil gently for ten minutes. Strain, cool, and sweeten to taste.

Varicose veins require different treatment; consult your doctor.

Q—What is a dandruff rash, and what can be done for it?—"R.M."

A—Some people appear to be allergic to dandruff; if you feel this is a possibility, the first step is to keep the shoulders, neck, and arms covered when brushing and combing the hair.

The next step is to get the dandruff under control and then keep free of it. Hair should be washed thoroughly and often, hair utensils kept immaculate. A small amount of oily pomade rubbed into the dry scalp helps keep dandruff from dropping on the skin.

Where the rash has already appeared, a dermatologist should treat the condition.

Q—I am 17 years of age and constantly troubled with acne on my forehead and chin, which I thought I'd outgrown. Is there anything I can do?—"Edna."

A—Acne is a rather deep-seated complaint, and to have medical advice is by far the best suggestion I can make. Otherwise you should keep your skin clinically grease-free, keep the area swabbed with a medicated spirit several times during the day and night, and temporarily avoid all make-up except lipstick.

Of course, sometimes the trouble may be caused by a scalp condition; unfailing shampooing and a good antiseptic scalp preparation are then indicated.

Q—I have several moles on the back of my neck and on my face. They are not very dark, but I'd rather not have them there. Is it safe to have them removed?—"L.J."

A—Some moles can be quite safely removed—in fact, some should be removed. Others must be left entirely alone. There is no way in which the layman can possibly tell, so don't let anyone but a doctor advise you.

Q—I have a neat bust and waistline, but my "seat" protrudes so that from the side I bulge practically in a half-circle from waist to thigh. Do you think you could tell me an exercise that would help reduce this curve?—"Frances."

A—Time (at least six to eight weeks), proper posture, and exercise will fix that.

● Make it a routine part of your dressing programme to tuck that tail in and under, tighten the muscles, and hold them so. Check often to see that you are holding the line.

● And do these exercises:—(a) Lie on stomach. Simultaneously pull back arms and lift up head. Feel tension between shoulder-blades. (b) Sit on floor, back straight, hands on the floor in back of you for support. Keeping legs straight, alter-

nately bump right and left side on floor. (c) Sit on floor, back straight, legs out, arms up at shoulder level. Hitch across floor by alternate hip movement.

Q—Lately my hair seems to be falling out. It seems to have plenty of life, but is getting thinner. I am very anaemic just now, and do not have good health. Do you think that is the cause of the trouble?—"C.M.F."

A—I feel sure as your health improves so will the condition



BRUSHING, combing, shampooing, and sunning are a sure way to keep fair hair as fair as possible for as long as possible.

of your hair. Poorness of health usually reflects itself in dull, thin, and often lifeless-looking hair. Falling hair is associated with anaemia.

Hair beauty depends on obtaining sufficient amounts of all body needs day after day, with emphasis on A and B vitamins and iron, copper, and iodine when the hair is falling out. I suggest you discuss the matter with your doctor. The external measures of cleansing, toning, and lubricating the scalp regularly are, of course, important.

Blessed Relief from
**THROBBING
TIRED FEET!**



There's good news in our photographs here—but after a day on crowded pavements, I was ready to chuck it! My feet were in agony.



The second no complaint, I decided to try Rexona. After bathing, I massaged my feet with it. It was amazing how quickly the painful throbbing eased.

Now I always rub a little Rexona well into my feet before going on the job. Then I'm fit for anything—even after the toughest day!

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Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

Q 34,37

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 19, 1947

**I'VE GOT THE DIRTIEST
POSSIBLE JOB,
I HAVE, SO HELP ME
BLOOMIN' BOB.**



It's working on a shoe-shine stall; It pays all right—but that's not all!



3 The thing that really gets me down Is all this blinkin' black and brown...



4 But I got a tip from a sailor lad, The "handiest" tip I ever had...

5 "Use Solvol, Mate," he said to me, "It keeps our hands ship-shape at sea!"

SOLVOL SHIFTS GRIME FASTER

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. S. 127, 19

Mulatto babies—a tragic post-war problem in Britain...



THIS BRIGHT-EYED LAD, Roger, is one of the mulatto children whose fathers were American negro G.I.s stationed in England during the war. He is the leader of the seven cared for by Pastor Ekarte at his mission near the docks at Liverpool.



SYLVIA, aged three, is shy of strangers, but she is proud of the frock she is wearing, which came from America with her doll. There is a high casualty rate among the toys, as the children share them.



PASTOR EKARTE, his eyes squinting in the afternoon sun, nurses two of his little charges, and watches the others at play.

Bright-eyed now, their hopes of future happiness are slender

By BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

One of Britain's most poignant tragedies is one that few have written about. It concerns 500 mulatto children born of white mothers and American negro troops.

The only constructive effort being made to deal with the problem is the work of Pastor G. Daniels Ekarte, an old West African negro minister who lives in a squalid quarter of Liverpool near the docks.

HIS effort is limited by the funds and accommodation at his disposal, but his tumbledown mission hall already shelters seven of these half-caste babies, whom he has taken as his wards.

He works unceasingly now to raise funds and to arouse interest in the welfare of the rest of the half-caste babies who to-day exist as innocent, unwanted symbols of ruined homes and broken lives.

He foresaw the danger when, back in 1942, Liverpool was gradually filled with free-spending American troops. The teeming city, geared for war, had most of its own men away in uniform.

A large number of the visiting troops were colored, but little distinction was made in their reception as allies.

This near-absence of the color bar they had learned to expect was entirely new to many of the negroes.

To many women they brought gay and generous company into the monotony of a life spent between a war factory and the drabness of an empty home.

The story repeated itself in other English towns.

Pastor Ekarte was then running the humble African Churches' Mission, and he worried about the results of this friendliness between the white people and the black.

But by the time he had persuaded welfare workers and U.S. Army authorities to open social centres where colored G.I.s could meet their friends it was too late. Disaster already overshadowed many white homes.

Even those colored troops willing to accept the responsibility of the half-caste children they had fathered could not take them with them when they sailed away again. They left behind a nightmare heritage.

There were many suicides. There was violence. Divorce was an almost automatic solution for servicemen

coming home to a completely unacceptable situation.

Nobody but Pastor Ekarte has made any progress to a real solution for everybody, including the children. And his progress has been little enough, restricted in proportion to the money and backing he has been able to beg for them.

Five little children were sitting round the door of the mission when I visited Liverpool last week. All of them looked sturdy and happy.

One winked a mischievous black eye at me. Another tackled me by the legs and held on, shrieking with glee.

Their noisy welcome brought the pastor to the door.

Stoop-shouldered, kindly, he led me into a dingy room piled with correspondence which is the parlor of his tiny mission and said to me, "Those colored babies you saw playing on the steps outside—I adopted them."

"I cannot take any more in my house because of a ruling against overcrowding by the health authorities. 'More than anything else, I want those children to grow up with the same pride and the same opportunities that other children have.'

"If one wants to be a doctor, or another a lawyer, I want to be able to make it possible for them. 'It is my dream to build a 'Booker T. Washington Home' to take in all the children of these unfortunate affairs.

"Adoption is a secondary consideration. I can think of that only after they are in a home where they can have care, affection, and company of one another, and a decent upbringing.

"Many a man has come to me in a desperate rage, bringing an ashamed, fearful wife, and demanded to know what I can do.

"My answer is simply, 'Give me the child and take back your wife. If you are well known where you live, try and move to another part of the city!'

"Sometimes the husband is so overwrought that he threatens to do away with his wife, the baby,



MATRON ELIZABETH ROBERTS, who mothers the "family," calls them in from their playground—the street—for tea. Lined up are Peter, Roger, Robert, Brian, Gladys, and Sylvia.

and himself. I have seen much unhappiness. But of all the girls whose husbands accepted my solution, none has come back and complained that he ill-treated her subsequently.

"I believe that if you take away the child you take away the husband's reminder to hate his wife. Some men have been pathetically grateful to me, and offered to pay me a weekly sum to help towards the baby's keep.

Happiness first

"THEY are surprised when I refuse to take the money. I say to them all, 'Well you might be able to pay me now. What if you find it difficult or irksome later? What then? Won't that weekly payment become another reminder to you?'

"No, my friend, as far as you are concerned the child is dead, and as far as the child is concerned so are you.

"Go away and seek your happiness. I shall seek the child's. Good-bye."

He smiled sadly. Finding the

baby happiness and a secure future is not easy. Now that his home is full, the other babies are farmed out to good families, half-caste or colored, and the pastor goes out to collect from other people what he can to pay for them.

"One of my fellow workers is in America contacting many leading people in both white and colored communities who have written offering to help," the pastor told me. "From them we hope to get sufficient support to found this home."

"I have had inquiries from American negro families anxious to adopt some of these babies, but it is impossible without some agreement between the British and United States Governments to ship them to new homes. An inquiry bureau to sift applications is also necessary.

"You can't just post a child off to America like a parcel and hope in that way to get it off your conscience.

"At present I have a list of 158 colored babies of G.I. fathers be-

longing to white mothers in different parts of England. All I am waiting for is a real home for them."

Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, the matron, is the "mother" to the children living at the mission.

"My mother, Mrs. Phillips, is 'Granma' to them," she told me. "She does the cooking. I do the washing, and when my two daughters come home from work they take over looking after them."

"Pastor Ekarte might not have told you what brought him to this country," said Mrs. Roberts, wiping her hands on a canvas apron. "In Calabar, West Africa, he was once houseboy to a Scottish woman missionary, Mary Slessor. She inspired him with her faith, and he came to England to do missionary work among the colored people here."

"In the dock areas, police moved him on for sitting on a bench, arrested him for not having a home, and had him placed in a mental home once for conducting hymns among the other prisoners."

"One day, so he told me, he went out and bought a revolver and ammunition and made up his mind to go back to Africa and kill the missionaries who spread stories of Christian fellowship in England."

"By the docks he suddenly felt ashamed and dropped the gun into the water. Then he went back and started his religious work among the colored seamen."

"That is how the African Churches' Mission here in Hill Street started."

The fewer there are of these children, whose only friend seems to be the pastor, the greater is their individual tragedy.

As long as there is no home to protect them from evil environment, the threat of becoming waifs, and the sneers of white neighbors who know their parentage, the word "half-caste" will always for them be synonymous with "outcast."

Middle-age.... is what you make it

IT can happen any morning—that jolting, inevitable moment when a woman, gazing into her mirror, first admits to herself that her looks are slipping and that age is upon her.

This may occur at 32, or 34, or, if the woman is lucky and none too honest, not until 35.

It may be brought on by a salesgirl calling her Madam instead of Miss, or a teenager respectfully opening a door for her.

A woman neighbor of mine met her crisis by accepting defeat.

She cooked meals resentfully, ironed her husband's shirts resentfully, dressed the children resentfully, wept at the first word of criticism, and made home life miserable for her whole family.

Not so the woman in the next block. She said she wasn't going to let age get her down, no siree! She had a nifty platinum job done on her nondescript hair the same day as her best friend had hers dyed a jet black.

Together after that the would-be girls bought their clothes in the junior miss department and competed in whipping themselves into youthful gaiety whenever anyone was looking.

Everyone knows women like this—pathetic slaves of the calendar who make no sensible efforts to save themselves from being casualties of time.

There are no explicit manuals on acquiring vital middle-age.

Nor has medicine produced a miracle guaranteeing age immunity.

In fact, medicine has only just begun within the past six years to cast a serious clinical eye on the aging processes.

Yet with existing medical knowledge, any woman can set herself a sound working programme—which will help her to live vigorously.

Doctors, psychiatrists, and beauty specialists agree that the first step is to discard the emotional conflict and resentment at age itself.

Stop thinking of age as an affliction. Merely thinking that way is aging.

Doctors point to case histories by the thousand showing that tension and resentment, hate and fear are

emotional malignancies which set up slow poisons in every organ of the body.

These poisoned organs pour their malfunctioning into the blood stream to dull the eye and wrinkle old age on the face.

Most of us have a wrong idea of age, according to sociologists.

Instead of one age, each one of us has five—an actual birth certificate age, a mental age, a physical (bodily tissue) age, an emotional age, and an ethical or social age.

Thus one woman can be 35 in years, her body tissues 10 years older, while her mental, emotional, and social ages are still a deplorable 16.

So, having admitted to herself that youth is gone, the intelligent woman takes inventory of her other ages.

An honest listing of her assets and liabilities will reveal many things—some pleasant, some horrid.

From this she can map the needs of her programme. The first audit should be of her physical age.

She should go to a good diagnostician and let him give her a thorough overhaul.

Then, if she has any specific ailment which needs attention, he will send her to specialists.

Women in the thirties do start complaining of vague aches and pains.

But the backaches, indigestion, failing hair, fatigue pains across the neck and shoulders, insomnia, faulty circulation, restlessness, irritability, anaemia, headaches, and dizziness which intermittently harass so many women in the thirties are the invariable forerunners of the six most common afflictions which grip those same women in the forties.

These are arthritis, diabetes, thyroid and other hormone disturbances, hypertension, heart and kidney derangements.

Too often these first small aches are not treated as the sinister signals they may be.

The average woman would name one other casualty of middle age—menopause. But she'd be wrong.

A prominent American doctor says that of every 1000 women he examines for this condition 850 have experienced no interruption of their daily routine.

Only 150 have shown actual menopause symptoms of hot flashes, emotional instability, insomnia, depression of spirits, and irritability.

And these show uniform improvement under treatment.

Menopause is a physical change which always occurs. The mental distress which is sometimes associated with it can be exaggerated by foolish talk and by worry.

The newest scientific evidence to come out of laboratories is that the condition of certain body cells either hastens or staves off age.

One of the American experts working on this study of gerontology

By
MONA GARDNER
American writer who
consulted 30 top-rank
doctors and psychi-
atrists to find how
women may make the
best of middle-age.

(aging processes) to Dr. E. V. Cowdry, Professor of Anatomy at the University of Washington School of Medicine.

He says: "With age the body undergoes a complete architectural change. Though the machine is of the same pattern it becomes differently constructed, functions differently, and is directed by a mind that changes."

"But it is the ageing of our connective tissues that is tragic, since it is the rubber of the body."

"Upon this depends the elasticity of the blood vessels, the skin, the bladder."

We may not know yet the specific nutrient to prevent these tissues degenerating, but we do know that the mysterious element is contained somewhere in the balanced function of all our glands and organs.

There is no mystery keeping healthy with advancing age. Narrowed down to essentials, the doctors say, this can be achieved by three things—correct posture, balanced eating, balanced living.

Don't think that pulling your shoulders back and sticking out your chest is correct posture. The exaggerated chest-out stance is just as harmful as the complete slump.

Both these postures needlessly consume muscular and nervous energy.

In the treatment of hundreds of diabetics, arthritic and cardiac cases,

a Boston posture clinic has found that once faulty posture was corrected—the chin drawn in, the chest brought up and forward, and the buttocks tucked in—improvement was common.

The most common nutritional abuse among women is eating for a slim figure instead of eating for energy.

The woman who habitually makes a breakfast of coffee and toast and who lunches on a sandwich and a milk shake is eating her way into quick old age.

A nutrition expert says he can add 10 years of youthfulness to a woman's appearance in middle life merely by wise and careful nutrition. But the nutrition regime must begin early enough—preferably in the twenties.

His advice is stop eating what you like and what is easy, and instead to make a point of learning what foodstuffs, including protein, minerals, and vitamins are needed each day to keep your body at its peak performance.

A wise man once said: "The rut of apathy leads nowhere." It should

be adopted as the watchword of every woman who wants to stay young, for monotony is a dingy cloud which wraps her in drabness.

No woman of 35 desires monotony. But often she does nothing to avoid it—that is, nothing more active than complaining.

She remembers nostalgically the hubbub of her twenties—going dancing, going to the theatre and concerts.

To-day, many of her women friends have married and moved to other towns or have become preoccupied with domesticity.

Yet she doesn't replace these friends with new ones. Nor does she replace former interests with new ones.

She is in the vacuum of early middle-age where the poverty of ideas may be as disastrous as the poverty of red or white blood cells.

A leading authority on psychosomatic therapy says: "One must give and take emotionally in order to enjoy life."

"A serious defect in the quantity of goodwill is as unfortunate as a serious defect in a vital organ."

"A marked and prolonged fall in self-esteem may be as devastating to the body as anaemia."

A careful study shows invariably that women patients who have neurosis and psychosis in the middle years are those who have had personality disturbances of long duration.

They are usually people who have lived narrow lives of intolerance. They are worrisome, paranoiacs, pedantic, emotionally cold.

They may have been full of romantic fantasies in youth, but since that time have lacked the drive to create a life that was romantically satisfying.

Actually the force is there all the time, if the person would only put the drive behind it.

A woman in her thirties needs to start acquiring new experiences and new skills in which she can take pride.

It's quite true you may not be able to teach an old dog new ways, but man is considerably higher in the mental scale and he can learn new habits.

Once a person's resistance to adult learning is overcome, the capacity to learn is very slightly diminished by age. In some cases it is increased.

Find some unused or undiscovered talent and develop it.

Maybe it's growing fabulous tuberous-rooted begonias. Maybe it's acting in amateur plays. Maybe it's photography or sketching. Maybe it's government. There are dozens of exciting maybes.

But the thing to do is to start exploring them immediately. Each will be an emotional investment in happiness.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By Wep.

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 19, 1947

RIGHT NATURE'S FAULTS WITH SCHUMANN'S SALTS... THE MINERAL SPRING SALTS WITH THE TONIC ACTION.

Glynis Johns has a mermaid tail in "Miranda"

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

A lovely young star stood on the set at Gainsborough Studios, shivering and gazing down into the green depths of a studio "sea." Her face seemed familiar, but she had long blonde tresses and the tail of a fish.

Technicians were spraying the pool to keep the water glinting and fresh, and I suddenly realised that this was no mermaid, but Glynis Johns, star of "Miranda."

"HULLO," called Glynis, waving. "Look what they have dressed me up in this time! I am a glamorous mermaid and my name is Miranda. And are we having fun!"

Gainsborough's latest comedy-fantasy, "Miranda," centred on a mermaid, promises to be great fun to audiences, too.

It creates on the screen the rather exciting idea of a mermaid caught by a doctor on a fishing trip, brought to London disguised as a "crippled" patient, and allowed to mix with society.

With her winsome but rather fishy allure, Miranda ensnares several men, including Griffith Jones, Australia's John McCallum, and the new Scottish star, Andrew Crawford.

In her invalid chair she visits Covent Garden Opera, the National Gallery, and the British Museum, where the possibility of herself being pickled one day and placed on exhibition rather alarms her.

I have already seen the stage play "Miranda," which London audiences have hailed with delight.

On the day I visited Gainsborough, Genine Graham, the ravishing young redhead who created the stage role of the mermaid Miranda, was

down there to compare notes with Glynis Johns on what looks like one of the most luscious comedy parts filmdom has offered for a long time.

"Think of it," sighed Genine to Glynis.

"All the scope the camera gives you—lovely underwater shots and sequences swimming round through those sea plants, things I could never hope to do on the stage."

"Well, I suppose so," admitted Glynis. "But so far I have found life down there rather troublesome."

"What with swimming with my arms, keeping my tail from becoming waterlogged, and hoping that my tresses won't float too revealingly and give the censor a shock. I am rather fully occupied."

"I have already had a nice attack of cramp, and Griffith Jones had to jump in and fish me out."

"Ivy, my hairdresser, has to spend hours combing out the knots in my hair."

All sorts of queer props keep arriving by convoy at the studio.

Production men tick off the list such strange items as: One giant starfish, two tons of beach pebbles, three hundred carp, four truckloads of seaweed from Bognor Regis, two crates of fossils, one truck of assorted seashells, and so on.

Most interesting item on this list

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD

Gainsborough star Glynis Johns, who has attractive fair wavy hair, is beginning to feel she will never get a chance to make a film without a wig.

In "49th Parallel," despite her protests she had to wear a wig of flaxen plaits for her part as a young German girl.

Now, in "Miranda," her own hair is again well hidden. She wears a long blonde wig, costing £150, which reaches well past her waist and effectively conceals her figure.

is the mermaid's tail which Glynis has to flap so alluringly. Effects specialist created it out of rubber, whalebone, and shimmery nylon fins—an effect which almost fooled me when I first saw Glynis waving from the water's edge.

The way they are filming the lovely underwater sequences is simple but interesting to watch.

The cameramen are in a darkened underground room, whose only window is a peephole set in the side of the studio pool. Every now and then a fish comes up to it to stare at the crew and camera with suspicious disapproval.

John McCallum is showing his producer's faith in him by winning an excellent role as a young Chelsea painter who falls in love with this strangely charming sea creature. The picture he paints of her is the portrait of his life.

Gainsborough scriptwriters worked furiously on the screen play to get it finished in time for shooting, for the news has come that Hollywood has also discovered the possibilities of a mermaid as a star and is working on a screen version of the novel, "Peabody's Mermaid."

Filmdom will end up having us believe that mermaids really do exist.



TWO MERMAIDS in the one day were discovered by The Australian Women's Weekly correspondent, Bill Strutton (left), when he visited Gainsborough Studios recently. In centre is Genine Graham, who played the mermaid in the London stage success, "Miranda," comparing notes with star Glynis Johns, complete with long blonde wig.

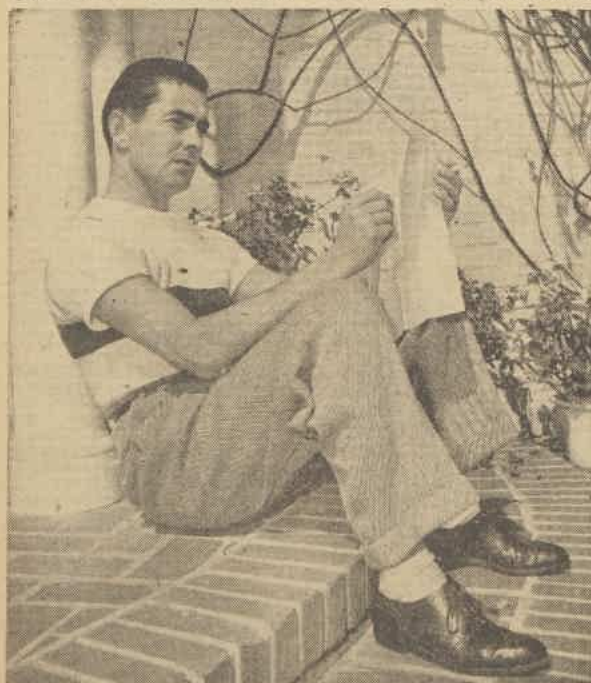
Frank Sinatra has interest in prizefighting club

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

DESPITE his frail physique and many film and radio commitments, Frank Sinatra has organised a number of full-scale business projects requiring several assistants.

Among Frankie's enterprises for boys is the plan for a huge indoor sports stadium to be built in the heart of Hollywood, and called Hollywood Square Garden.

He also has plans for a hotel in



TYRONE POWER, Fox star, who will shortly be seen in the four-million-dollar technicolor film, "Captain From Castile," takes time off to read his fan mail on the steps of his home.

Las Vegas, a racetrack near Atlantic City, and several prize-fighting organisations. Sinatra is at the moment working on the technicolor musical, "The Kissin' Bandit," with Kathryn Grayson.

FASHION note was struck recently by Warner's Janis Paige, who sported the most unusual scarf in Hollywood, made entirely of sterling silver chains. It had an openwork pattern of two-inch squares, spiked at intervals with glittering rhinestones.

Janis wears the scarf on her auburn hair for evening entertainment, as a belt over a green jersey dress, and as a collar over a plain black cocktail frock.

VIVACIOUS Betty Hutton is having difficulty hiding Frank's Day present from husband Ted Brisken until the right moment. The present is a shiny new Cadillac.

CECIL KELLAWAY's admirers can look forward to the Australian star's appearance in Warner Bros. "Love At First Sight," in which he plays the part of an eccentric millionaire. Cecil says, "I am an eccentric millionaire according to movie standards because I give lovely Joyce Reynolds a million dollars—and then want it back again."

LILLI PALMER, wife of Rex Harrison, tells me her small son will not be educated exclusively in one country. She prefers to have him travel backwards and forwards between England and America with his parents so that he will acquire a broader outlook. Lilli has not decided yet whether she will make "Berlin Express."

DEBORAH KERR has changed her mind about returning to England to have her baby, because of the difficult conditions with food rationing. Both Deborah and husband Anthony Bartley are thrilled over the prospect of a family, and Deborah spends every spare moment feverishly knitting.

Film Reviews

★★★ CARNEGIE HALL

WITH its impressive list of top-ranking musicians performing magnificently, this United Artists release, featuring the famous Carnegie Hall in New York, is a rare treat. Most satisfactory feature is the manner in which producers Morris and Le Baron have kept the unimportant little story in the background when the music has full control, though fans will enjoy the excellent performance of Marsha Hunt as Nora Ryan, who grows old in her humble job at the Hall.

Stars such as Lily Pons, Artur Schnabel, Rise Stevens, Jascha Heifetz, Gregor Piatigorsky (superb cellist), Eino Pinna, and Jan Peerce are given the right scope to display their talents. Then Leopold Stokowski, Walter Damrosch, Bruno Walter, Fritz Reiner, and Artur Rodzinski take a hand in conducting glorious performances by the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra and the New York Quintet.

For the moderns there are Harry James as soloist with the New York Symphony playing "57th Street Rhapsody," and Vaughn Monroe and his band. Sound recording of the film is faultless, and music lovers are assured of a concert-length entertainment of rare quality.—Century; showing.

★ TRAIL STREET

FOR this Western starring capable Randolph Scott, RKO have taken one of the standard themes Scott is the "goodie" who takes on the job of keeping the peace between the wheatgrowers and the cattlemen of Kansas, whose battle for land is settled in favor of the farmers. "Gabby" Hayes, bewhiskered as usual, gives some light relief, and there is a romantic angle provided by Robert Ryan and Madge Meredith. Harry Woods leads the "baddies," and Western fans will get a thrill from the rough-and-tumble finale.—Empire; showing.

★ SIOUX CITY SUE

UNFORTUNATELY the featured hit tune, taken from the title of Republic's Western starring Gene Autry, has already gone into the discard in popularity in Australia.

The modern setting of the yarn covers the plot of a woman talent scout who promises cowboy Autry a starring role in a Western, though he really is needed only for musical background in a movie cartoon. His naturally hurt feelings on discovering the trick are assuaged when the talent scout helps him to save his cattle from drowning. Autry is his genial, casual self, and sings and sings. Lynne Roberts is the talent scout.—Capitol; showing.



STARS of the Benedict Bogeaus production, "The Macomber Affair," based on the Hemingway short story, relax on the set. From left: Robert Preston, Joan Bennett, and Gregory Peck. Film will be released through United Artists.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 19, 1947

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It will beautify YOUR complexion.



Stars at home

• **LIZABETH SCOTT** (left), Paramount's husky-voiced discovery, looks glamorous even when relaxing between films at her Beverly Hills home. One of Hollywood's best-dressed stars, she will next be seen in "I Walk Alone," with Burt Lancaster.

• **GREER GARSON**, poised MGM star, has started work on the life story of her mother, Nina Garson, who came to Hollywood to live with her daughter. Separated from husband Richard Noy, Greer has just finished making "As You Desire Me."



• **TERESA WRIGHT**, in private life Mrs. Niven Busch, made Hollywood sensation at the age of 20 with her acting in "The Little Foxes." Since making RKO's "The Best Years of Our Lives," she has retired from films to await birth of her second child.

• **ELIZABETH TAYLOR**, 15-year-old MGM star, won acclaim for her role as the young Cockney girl in "National Velvet." Evacuated to America from England during the blitz, Elizabeth will next be seen in "Cynthia."

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1 MEETING between Vic (Gable) and salesmen Kimberly (Menjou) and Cooks (Gaines) gives Vic chance of a job if he can help them.

THE HUCKSTERS

LOVELY British star Deborah Kerr makes her Hollywood film debut opposite Clark Gable in MGM's adaptation of "The Hucksters," Frederic Wakeman's best-selling novel of the advertising world.

She plays the part of Kay Dorrance, well-bred society widow, who is swept off her feet by Gable, as the fast-talking, quick-thinking salesman, Vic Norman.

"The Hucksters" marks Gable's second film appearance over a period of more than five years.

Studio heads were worried at the reception of his last film, "Adventure," and Gable found it necessary to turn down several parts since.

Film is directed by Jack Conway, who also made "Boom Town," and cast includes Sydney Greenstreet, Adolphe Menjou, Ava Gardner, Keenan Wynn, Edward Arnold, Frank Albertson, and Dan Fowley.



6 RENEWING friendship with Jean, Vic goes to her flat. Glass decorated with penguins reminds him of incident with Kay, and he realises for first time he loves her.



7 TYRANNICAL behaviour of manufacturer Evans (Greenstreet) annoys Vic. Evans finally admits he is pleased with show, but Vic loses temper, tells him he is through.



2 SUCCESS comes when Vic visits young society widow Kay (Kerr) and obtains her endorsement for new Beante Soap. He meets her two children, and falls in love with her.



3 CELEBRATION is held that night by Kimberly and wife (Gloria Holden) to mark success of advertising campaign. Vic invites Kay as his partner, but at night-club meets singer Jean (Gardner), an old flame of his.



4 TRAVELLING to Hollywood on trial assignment, Vic meets publicity agent Lash (Arnold) and Jean on train. He manages to win important contract from Lash at cards.



5 PURPOSE OF TRIP is to sign up comedian Buddy Hare (Wynn) for radio show. Vic finds comedian a problem, hires two writers (Albertson and Fowley) to do a suitable script.



8 CONFESSION that he has thrown away a good job and is now broke again makes no difference to Kay. She tells Vic she loves him, and they can start life from scratch.



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● The very lightweight wool frock on the right is of palest grey with double-breasted front closing, and is effective when teamed with the scarlet coat featuring a full-flaring back and wide facings to match the frock. Note width of facing at shoulders.

● Deep blue woollen makes the straight, fitted coat shown on the left below. Its revers are faced with matching corduroy velvet, which also falls into a side drape caught into the diagonal breast closing.



● Welled yoke and pocket flaps and wide cuffs and roll collar are informal notes in the green woollen coat above, and go well with its rounded shoulders, nipped-in tiny waist, and slightly flaring skirt giving a slimming effect.

● The very moulded coat on the left is made of bright yellow lightweight wool with a smooth surface. It achieves the new, full-hip look with exaggerated pocket flaps faced with black cloth to match the small but effective revers.

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NEW CARRIER FOR BABY

Specially designed for infants up to six months; sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly



MATRON SHAW (right) of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, demonstrates to Sister Mary Jacob the new baby-carrier, sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly.



SEVEN-WEEKS-OLD Annette Rose was comfortable when her mother, Mrs. N. Dunn, of Guildford, tried out the new carrier at the Women's Hospital, Crown Street. "The carrier takes the weight off my back," she said.

● Mothers of young babies will be interested to hear of a new baby-carrier which is specially designed for babies up to five or six months. The carrier may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly. The price is 15/6.

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THIS carrier was designed by an Australian woman, and will be a great boon to mothers in these days of transport and shopping difficulties.

As a special service to mothers The Australian Women's Weekly has undertaken the distribution of the carriers.

With the kindly help and co-operation of Matron Shaw, of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, I have been supervising practical tests with infants at the outpatients' department of that great hospital.

Both Matron Shaw and I are enthusiastic about the carriers.

They are meant to help the mother in the early months, before baby can sit up and while he still needs support for his back.

I have always felt sorry for the mother who has to carry a young babe and, at the same time, juggle with shopping bags and parcels.

She feels that she may drop the babe, just as the babe, if he does not feel VERY SECURE, fears that he may be dropped.

Comfortably slung and correctly adjusted, this baby-carrier gives the mother a free hand, as it takes the weight of the infant, although she still needs to cuddle the little baby into the crook of her elbow and support its shoulders and back with her forearm.

The new carrier is strongly made of webbing, but weighs only about 4oz.

It is easily adjusted and must, of course, be correctly adjusted to suit the individual mother and baby.

It can be slung over either shoulder, and so will be suitable either for the right-handed or left-handed mother.

The very young baby should be cosily wrapped in a shawl and put into the carrier.

The lower part of his back and buttocks fit into the seat of the carrier, which takes the weight of the baby.

The mother still must support the head and shoulders, but her other hand, which normally would support the back, is left free. This is what she finds a very great advantage.

The young mothers to whom we demonstrated the carrier were delighted with it.

One, Mrs. S. Butcher, mother of three-months-old Arthur Butcher, said:

"It's wonderful. I don't notice the baby's weight at all."

Mrs. T. J. Nilstrom, of Mascot, whose baby daughter Selma is seven weeks old, said:

"Baby is happy in it."

One point I want to stress. When you put baby into the carrier, see that its clothes are cosily tucked round its feet and legs to prevent any chilling.



FRESHLY shampooed and styled hair looks lovely when you leave your favorite salon, but just a day or two later often becomes a distressing mass that will neither stay up nor smooth down.

To help out with this problem I have garnered from a leading stylist some good home-care hints on keeping a well-groomed head in between appointments.

1.—Well-styled, shaped, and permed hair will be the prettier for regular brushing. A twice-daily vigorous brushing is advocated to give the hair strength and clean sheen.

The hair should be parted off in small sections, irrespective of the style, and each strand brushed on both sides with upward and outward rotary strokes.

2.—No hair style should be combed when it is damp, whether it be from rain, perspiration, or the shower; this might straighten insufficiently curled hair and "frizz" a permanent wave.

A better plan is to place the waves and curls dry, following the foundation lines of the style, before

HOW TO GET THE BABY-CARRIER

● You can get the baby-carrier from the Pattern Department of the Australian Women's Weekly in your own State, or you can order your carrier by post. Addresses for each State are given on page 30.

Price of the carriers is 15/6 each. If ordering by post, add 3/6d. for cost of postage, or 6/6d. if you wish to have it sent by registered post.

on preserving hair styles

taking a shower. Steam from the shower "sets" the lines deeper. The pins should be removed just before going out of the house, when the hair is thoroughly dry.

3.—Then comes the interesting question of what best to do with the crowning glory at night!

Opinion seems to range solidly behind leaving the hair free and unbound during sleeping hours, without restraining hairpin or bobby-pin to break fine ends.

But the fact remains that nobody wants to greet the new day looking tousled.

Where curls have to be put in place before retiring, use as few hairpins as possible, roll the hair dry, adjust a fine net firmly but not tightly, and then remove all but essential pins.

4.—Back-combing or "teasing" gives a thicker effect to thin hair, but it must be done sparingly and carefully to avoid tearing or matting.

The topmost layer of hair which is to be worn smooth is sectioned off and pinned up temporarily, while the under hair is back-combed from the ends towards the scalp with three or four gentle strokes of the comb.

5.—In the before-leaving-house combing, waves should be coaxed into place with comb and fingers in the professionally placed lines.

6.—Brushing end curls into place over two fingers instead of one, with two or three introductory back-comb movements, gives them extra plumpness.

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PUT YOUR LILIES To BED NOW

... says Our Home Gardener



LILIUM SPECIOSUM RUBRUM, one of the most fragrant lilies grown. Produces white downward curved petals stained deep pink with blood-red spots—a glorious combination. Very easy to grow.

LILYUMS have lots to do before their green spikes show above the soil surface. The bulbs have to develop roots and the roots have to delve deeply into the soil as anchorage against the blasts of summer—and to feed as well as to hold upright those tall spires on which the fragrant flowers grow.

And these aristocrats of the garden need a little more than ordinary attention, which they adequately repay later on. Make the soil rich and fertile, friable and well drained, and pay due regard to their requirements as to shade, semi-shade, or full sunlight, for lilyums are a fussy family.

And who will begrudge them their richly deserved title of "garden aristocrat" after seeing them in the full splendour of their summer glory?

Whether they are grown in pots indoors, on a casement window, or out of doors in well selected beds, the same dignified beauty prevails and has made them general favorites wherever they are grown.

Only the oldest and most decayed manure should be used with lilyum bulbs, and then it must be broken up and well mixed with the soil before planting takes place. Fresh manure sets up all sorts of fermentation troubles in the rather delicate scales of the bulbs.

Depth of planting varies with the species; normally it should be about three times the height of the bulb, that is, if the bulbs are 3in. high, bury them 9in. deep.

According to rooting habits, there are two main classes of lilyums—those of one class produce roots from the base of the bulb, the other kind develop feeding roots along the stem between the bulb and the surface of the ground.

Among those for immediate planting are *Lilium regale*, *auratum*, *hermum*, *sulphureum*, *henryi*, *croceum*, *speciosum*, *pardalinum*, *gigantum*, *philippinense*, and *humboldtii*.



TIGER LILY (*Lilium tigrinum*), one of the easiest of the garden lilies and a very generous-flowering type. The petals are deep orange-yellow with dark chocolate spots.

Trouble with the thyroid...

I GET so irritable and nervous, doctor, I'm a worry to my husband and children," complained Mrs. Swinson, a young married mother of a pigeon pair.

"I've lost a stone in weight over the past three months, in spite of an enormous appetite. My husband tells me I'm getting to look like Joan Crawford about the eyes. My heart seems to be going quickly, too," she added.

I asked Mrs. Swinson to stretch out her hands in front of her, and I watched the tips of her fingers. They showed a fine tremor. Her pulse rate was half as rapid again as it should have been.

"Your trouble is in the thyroid gland," I told her. "But before we can start you on the modern treatment with thiouracil, I want you to see a pathologist and have a breathing test. If your thyroid is over-active, the test will show that your body cells are using more oxygen than normal."

"I was afraid I had a goitre, doctor. That's why I put off coming to you. I thought you might advise an operation."

"As a general rule, operation is

still the best treatment for goitre in older women, but wonderful results are being obtained by medical treatment in younger people. But, like most other troubles, the sooner they are brought under control the better," I told her.

"Will this new treatment make my eyes less prominent?" asked Mrs. Swinson.

"Not usually," I told her. "But Joan Crawford's eyes won't be a disadvantage. The slight swelling of your neck won't be affected, either, but that will not be as noticeable when you regain normal weight as your general condition improves."

"How will the treatment affect me?" she asked.

"It will slow down your heart action, make you less excitable and nervous, and generally improve your health," I told her. "Thiouracil is a powerful drug, and you must see me once a week for the next few weeks. I want to keep a watch on your pulse rate and blood pressure, and I'll prick your finger each time you come so that I can control the effect of the drug on your blood cells. You must help me to help you by living a more quiet life."

[All names in this article are fictitious.]

By MEDICO

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If you've eaten food that doesn't agree with you, there's no need to put up with pain and discomfort for hours afterwards. A dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder will give you ease and comfort right away, because it contains everything necessary to relieve digestive upsets. It neutralises excess acidity, soothes and sweetens a sour stomach and, although quick to take effect, has lasting action.

You'll find, too, that your next meal is digested much more comfortably because, besides giving relief, De Witt's Antacid Powder eases the strain on your digestion. That is important; it means that the upset condition has a better chance to clear up naturally.

So, when in distress through eating the wrong food or taking an overhasty meal, remember—a dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder offers immediate relief. Get a canister from your chemist.

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"I have had three articles accepted by SLO and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/10/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £8/11/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships,' and for 'Tilly Potts Through.' £4/0/-"

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Easy Dinners

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

- Serve easy dinners by all means, but make them as flavoursome, well balanced, and attractive as the ones suggested here.

GOOD meals, wholesome and appetising, do not necessarily mean long hours in the kitchen, but they do call for thought, imagination, and initiative.

The homemaker needs to know how to prepare reasonably inexpensive foods so that they will be palatable while calling for the least expenditure of energy and time.

MENU 1

(See color photograph)
Seasoned Baked Chops,
Baked Potatoes, Tomato Halves,
Cauliflower and Sauce,
Lemon Fluff, Gingerbread,
Fruit, Coffee.

SEASONED BAKED CHOPS

Six chops (or leg) lamb chops, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, 1 teaspoon powdered herbs (or fresh parsley, mint, marjoram, chopped and mixed), grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons finely chopped celery, 2 tablespoons grated carrot, little milk or 1 egg-yolk.

Wipe and trim chops. Rub margarine or butter into breadcrumbs; add salt, pepper, herbs, lemon rind, celery, carrot. Moisten with milk or

egg-yolk. Divide into three portions. Cover three chops with seasoning, place remaining chops on top, making three "sandwiches." Tie securely with coarse cotton or fine, clean string. Place in baking-dish with hot fat about 1 in. deep. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 45 to 50 minutes, turning to brown. Place vegetables (potatoes, sweet potatoes, or pumpkin) in at same time as meat. Remove string or thread before serving meat with mint sauce and thin brown gravy.

LEMON FLUFF GINGERBREAD

Gingerbread: Two and a half cups plain flour, 1 level teaspoon carbonate of soda, pinch of salt, 2 tablespoons margarine or good clean fat, 1 cup brown sugar, 4 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, 1 level teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, sliced peaches to decorate.

Sift flour, soda, salt, ginger, and spice. Rub in shortening, add sugar and lemon rind. Mix beaten egg with milk and syrup. Add to dry ingredients quickly and lightly, making a soft mixture. Turn into well-greased 7 in. square tin, bake in moderate oven (325deg. F.) 1 to 1½ hours. Split when cold, fill and top with lemon fluff, decorate with sliced peaches.

Lemon Fluff: One packet lemon jelly crystals, 1 cup hot water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water, add lemon rind and juice. When cold and beginning to thicken whip with a rotary beater until thick, white, and fluffy. Spread between layers of cold gingerbread, and pile roughly on top. Allow to set before serving.

MENU 2

Seasoned Split Steak,
Baked Pumpkin, Sweet Potato,
Brussels Sprouts,
Golden Souffle with Golden Sauce,
Coffee.

SEASONED SPLIT STEAK

One and a half to 2 lb, thick top-side steak, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, 1 dessertspoon horseradish sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon powdered marjoram, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, salt, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 or 3 rashers fat bacon.

Cut a pocket in steak. Fill with seasoning made by combining breadcrumbs, onion, parsley, marjoram, lemon rind, and salt moistened with horseradish sauce. Skewer or sew opening with coarse thread to hold seasoning in place. Rub surface of meat well with flour, place in small quantity of hot fat in baking-dish. Cover with bacon rashers, then with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1½ to 1½ hours. When meat is turned during cooking replace bacon and greased paper. Vegetables may be baked with the meat for the last

40 to 45 minutes of cooking time. Serve hot with brown gravy.

GOLDEN SOUFFLE

Two heaped tablespoons plain flour, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, few drops of almond essence, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Blend flour smoothly with some of the milk, add balance of milk, sugar, and pinch of salt. Stir steadily over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Continue stirring while mixture simmers 2 or 3 minutes. Beat with wooden spoon while mixture cools slightly. Fold in beaten egg-yolks, orange and lemon rind, and almond essence. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into deep greased ovenware dish, bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve immediately with golden sauce.

GOLDEN SAUCE

Half cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour.

Blend cornflour with orange juice, add all other ingredients. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Serve hot with golden souffle.

MENU 3

Quick Tomato Broth,
Rabbit and Potato Pie,
Baked Tomatoes,
Green Peas, Carrot Straws,
Biscuits and Cheese,
Coffee.

QUICK TOMATO BROTH

One large carrot, 1 onion, 1 potato, 1 stick celery, piece of swede, 4 cups meat or vegetable stock, 2 cups

tomato juice or purée, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons barley, chopped parsley.

Dice celery and onion finely, grate carrot, potato, and swede coarsely. Place in saucepan with stock, salt, washed barley. Simmer 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Add tomato juice and reheat to boiling point. Serve hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

RABBIT AND POTATO PIE

Filling: One rabbit, ¼ onion, 1 teaspoon salt, piece of lemon rind, 1 cup stock from rabbit, 1 cup milk, 1 heaped dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ cup diced cooked celery.

Remove tail joint from rabbit, wash and soak ½ hour in salted water. Cut into joints, place in saucepan with water to cover, sliced onion, salt, and piece of lemon rind. Simmer 1½ hours or until tender. Strain and reserve 1 cup of the stock.

Potato Case: Two and a half to 3 cups mashed potato, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon grated onion.

Beat butter, milk, cheese, and onion into hot mashed potato. Spread thickly on bottom and sides of greased ovenware dish. Cut meat from bones of rabbit. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in milk and stock, salt, cayenne, celery. Stir until boiling. Fold in diced rabbit, turn into prepared potato case, bake 15 to 20 minutes in hot oven (400deg. F.). Serve hot with baked tomato halves and greens.

A BAKED DINNER with seasoned chops in place of a joint, lemon fluff, gingerbread topped with peaches (or any other fruit in season) . . . is simple to prepare, but it will win high marks both for looks and flavor.



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CREAM CHEESE is the ideal base for savories. Filled into prunes, dates, or celery logs, or mixed with chopped nuts, diced celery, onion, red pepper, or gherkin, it makes fine fare for the festive occasion.

Readers' own recipes win cash prizes

CHOPPED nuts, dates, and celery combine well with grapefruit pulp and juice to make a piquant, appetising salad served in grapefruit shells. This suggestion wins first prize for the week.

For a new method of cooking rabbit, follow the suggestion of a South Australian reader for rabbit creams, guaranteed to tempt the most jaded appetite. Mushrooms help to give the dish a lift.

JELLIED DATE AND GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

Two grapefruit, 1 cup grapefruit juice, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup honey, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup coarsely chopped nuts, 1 cup diced celery, salad dressing, lettuce leaves.

Cut grapefruit in halves. Scoop out centre and cut into dice. Soften gelatine in 1 cup grapefruit juice. Add boiling water and honey; stir till dissolved. Add remaining grapefruit juice and set aside to cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in dates, nuts, celery, and diced grapefruit. Fill washed grapefruit shells with mixture and place in refrigerator or ice-chest to set. To serve, cut each grapefruit shell in halves and serve in lettuce cups with salad dressing.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Renault, "Esplanade," Oatlands, Tas.

RABBIT CREAMS WITH MUSHROOMS

One rabbit, bacon rind, lemon, small onion, 1 cup diced ham, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 egg, pepper and salt, parsley, mushrooms, bacon rolls, browned breadcrumbs.

Cook rabbit in boiling water, with sliced onion, bacon rind, and piece of lemon rind, 1½ hours or till tender. Remove meat from bones, dice, and add to white sauce, with

ham, salt, and beaten egg. Mix well together. Grease 5 or 6 small moulds. Sprinkle with browned breadcrumbs. Fill with mixture. Place in baking-dish, half filled with water, and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes. Garnish with sauteed mushrooms and rolls of grilled bacon. Serve hot with toast fingers or rolled brown bread.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. S. Yates, 144 Senate Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

MEAT AND VEGETABLE PIE

One and a quarter pounds blade-bone steak, 3 medium-sized onions, 2 carrots, 2 potatoes, salt and pepper, 2 cups stock, parsley.

Cut steak into thin pieces. Peel onions and potatoes, scrape carrots. Cut into slices. Grease ovenproof dish and line base with potato slices. Add a layer of onion, carrot, then meat, sprinkling each layer with salt and pepper. Repeat until all ingredients are used, finishing with layer of potato. Pour over stock and cook in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 1½ to 2 hours or until meat is tender. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Dickman, 25 Spruson St., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

PASSIONFRUIT DESSERT

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 cup milk, 4 passionfruit, pinch salt.

Cream shortening and sugar well together. Add egg-yolks, beating well, then sifted flour, salt and milk. Add passionfruit pulp, lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into greased ovenware dish. Stand in hot water in baking dish. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Meikle, Mail Route 656, River Estate, Mackay, Qld.



HERE'S a simple variation for lamb cutlets. Wrap a rasher of bacon around each cutlet and bake in oven. The family will find them most satisfying.

TOM PIPER



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